Saturday Review

of Literature

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Irving Brant, author of "James Madison." *(See page 9)*

Blue Pencil to Parnassus

The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins

By JOHN MASON BROWN

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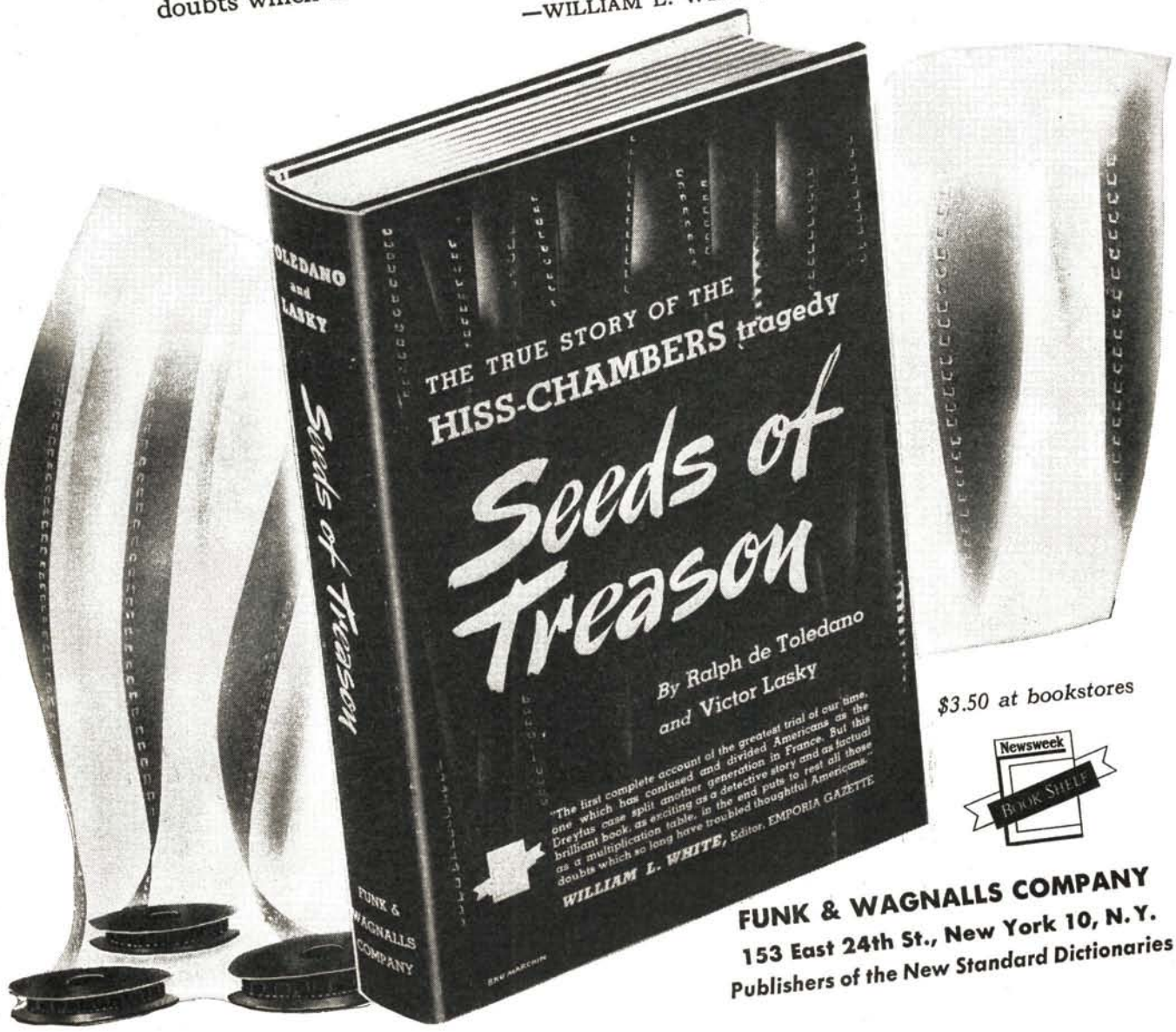
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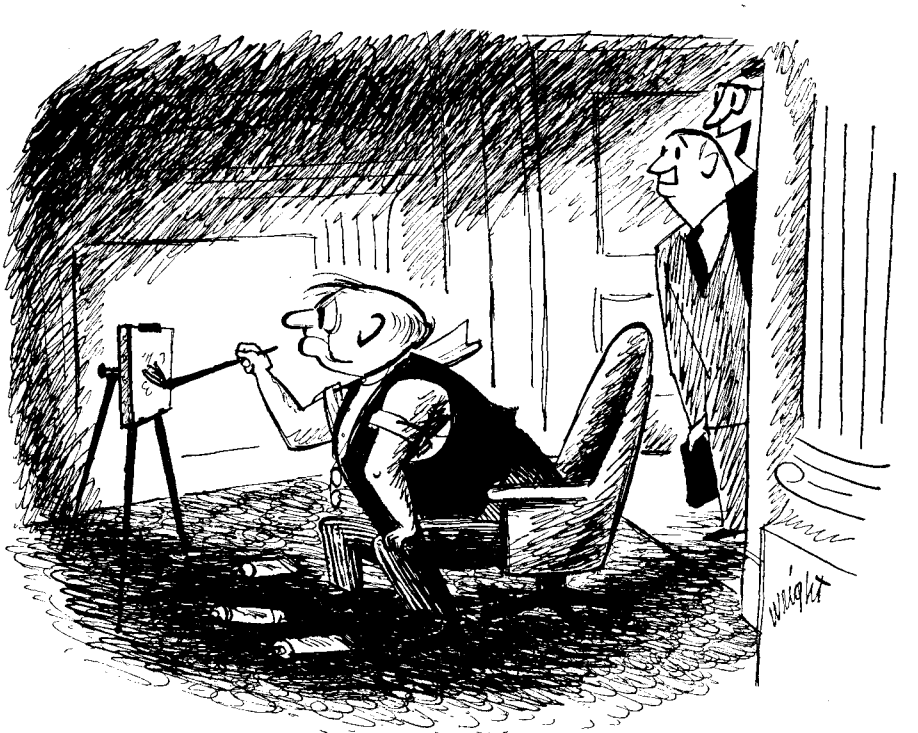
TRADE Winds

SIX WEEKS in California, Texas, and intermediate points had gone by since last I saw New York—and very happy ones they were for me, too—but I was surprised to discover how little had occurred in publishing circles during my absence. Just about the same books were selling—or not selling. The pre-spring slump seemed a bit sharper than usual this season but not acute enough to worry anybody seriously. John Hersey's superb "The Wall" was heading for the top rungs of the fiction lists, with Henry Robinson's "The Cardinal" certain to be on its heels in short order. Picture books like "The Baby," "Fellow Citizens," and the impending "Campus Zoo" were threatened by a rash of the usual fifth-rate imitations (although S & S's forthcoming "Happy Holiday" is the funniest of them all). The sixty-eight-year-old firm of David McKay was purchased by Kenneth Rawson and Quentin Bossi, late of Putnam's, for something over $300,000 and its headquarters will be moved from Philadelphia to New York. Ted Amussen, one of the country's outstanding young editors, was named the head of Holt's reviving trade-book department, Mark Saxton joined the staff of Whittlesey House, and Dave McDowell, another bright prospect, moved over to Random House. An unexpected brace of best sellers were Monica Baldwin's "I Leap Over the Wall" and T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party." . . .

A BANQUET AT THE Waldorf to honor "the three most distinguished books of 1949" attracted a banner audience of celebrities, who obviously enjoyed talking to one another (they never stopped), applauded the speeches of Mrs. Roosevelt, Frederick Lewis Allen, and Senator Paul Douglas, but were mystified by some of the "entertainment" provided. Helen Howe and "Author Meets the Critic" were just right for the occasion, but *who* could have picked this particular spot for a hot tamale from South of the Border to shake her whosis in the faces of the guests of honor? Insiders who studied the composition of the board of judges for the fiction award (Max Gissen, of *Time*, Bill Rogers, of the AP, and Mary Colum) knew that Nelson Algren's "The Man with the Golden Arm" was a shoo-in, but the announcement that Dr. Ralph Rusk's "The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson" had won the gold plaque for non-fiction, and William Carlos Williams the poetry award, caused some eyebrows to go up so far they have still to be recovered at this writing. (A guest behind me explained, "They just couldn't give another prize to Robert Frost. He's plaque-happy already!") . . .

PUBLISHERS WHO keep their ears close to the ground agreed that the greatest source for worry in the book picture today is the increasing inroads of the paper-backs. One unusually eloquent editor likened their progress to that of a swarm of locusts or grasshoppers, swallowing up field after field as their shadows lengthen on the land. "They've all but destroyed the hard-bound reprint market already," he brooded. "What will they start feeding on next?" Would it be in the direction of standard classics or brand new novels? Anxious eyes were focused on the Simon & Schuster experiment of paper-bound dollar editions published simultaneously with regular editions at three times the price or more. It was agreed that "The Cardinal" scarcely would provide a conclusive test. The pay-off would come on more doubtful offerings. "If it works," promised a bookseller in Beverly Hills, "I close my shop, buy me a trailer, and emulate that character in Palms Springs who calls himself a rockologist. They won't sell onyx and amethysts in drugstores and newsstands—not in my day, anyhow!" . . .

ANOTHER MEETING I returned for in the nick of time was that of the Peabody Radio Awards Committee, of which I have been a proud member now for four years, along with Paul Porter, Ted Weeks, John Crosby, and other notables. This year's choices, which will be made public on May 4, delighted me, as they will I think, almost all the readers of this column. It was pleasant, too, seeing the able chairman, John Drewry, dean of the School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, directing the proceedings with his health and vigor fully restored. . . . Paul Porter told of a program that wound up with an eardrum-splitting rendition of "The Indian Love Call," with a dazed listener opining, "Maybe that's why they're a vanishing race!" He says it's his favorite radio line since Mr. Duffy described his long-suffering frau as "Nature's revenge on the Peeping Tom." Paul also told of his young daughter's report on a neighbor's problem child: "Teacher says she's a jubilant delinquent!". . . And here's an insight into the private life of *The Atlantic Monthly*'s erudite editor, Mr. Weeks, that Charlie Morton never revealed: he just *loves* "The Lone Ranger"! . . . Television, despite its fumbling start, has now developed a score of programs that merit the Peabody committee's serious consideration. Some TV stations really are trying to prove to critics like Fred Allen and Rutgers University's Ira Freeman that they've outgrown



"The Senator is an ardent admirer of Mr. Churchill."

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"Spots—stripes—what's the difference so long as they're healthy?"

their swaddling clothes. It was Allen, you may recall, who scoffed, "Why bother with being a pioneer in television? I'll wait. Pioneers never make money. Daniel Boone, for instance, explored acres of virgin forest and didn't make a dime. Then the lumber companies came in and cleaned up." And Freeman noted, "I've seen more interesting things by far in the window of my Bendix washing machine. As the man said after a season in a nudist camp, 'I'm sick of the stuff: always the same old faces!'" . . .

"EDITOR TO AUTHOR," selected letters of the great Scribner's editor, Maxwell Perkins, made me oblivious of everything around me during my flight home from Houston. I'm sure nobody remotely connected with the world of books will need any nudging to read this revealing and heartwarming volume. I particularly liked Alfred Knopf's piece on the immortal Max, too, in the March 26 *New York Times Book Review*—one scrupulous and honest craftsman commenting on the career of another. When I first became a publisher, in 1925, I frankly selected Mr. Knopf as my model. Through the years I've seen little reason to temper my opinion, though I admit that many of his harmless didoes that once scared me to death now strike me as extremely funny. . . .

FULLY A THIRD of the unopened letters I found on my desk (my secretary, Jezebel, had thoughtfully hidden the bills in a separate bundle under a photograph of my press agent, Mr. Winchell) referred to the source of a florid quotation about "Woman" that I quoted in TRADE WINDS on February 25. It came from a picture called "Rembrandt," produced by Sir Alexander Korda in 1936. (How do so many people remember such things?) Charles Laughton essayed the title role and made the speech to his wife, Saskia (not "Helene"), played by Elsa Lanchester. The screenplay was by Carl Zuckmayer, with a dialogue by Lojoz Biro and Arthur Winteris, and *Time* magazine for December 14, 1936, commented, "Best shot of the picture: sonorous painter Rembrandt rolling off a long, sensuous soliloquy defining Woman, while the mouths of stolid Dutchmen flap open and servant girls go glassy-eyed with dreams." . . . I won't bring up anything like *that* again in a hurry! . . . Speaking of Mr. Winchell, *Tide* magazine made a strong bid for admittance to his expanding feud-and-whine society by noting, "We would like to submit a definition of our own for the phrase 'tempest in a teapot' or 'much ado about nothing,' to wit: the fuss generated by a couple of literary guys who accuse each other of plagiarizing stuff that was probably in the public domain when '23 skidoo' was a snappy wisecrack." Amen! . . .

NEXT WEEK I'll begin telling you some of the adventures that befell me on my journey. Meanwhile, if I had not returned when I did, I'd have missed Jack Baragwaneth's call about the shortest route between Boston and Washington: "Go to the Harvard Law School—and turn left"; Irving Hoffman's report on the mental case who couldn't remember the difference between arson and incest—and set fire to his sister; Jim Russell's wire about the sly Hollywood bookseller who was stocking Jan Westcott's "The Hepburn" and Robin Maugham's "A Line on Ginger" with her motion-picture titles; and Ed Diamond's distinction between a careful woman and a careless one: the careful woman loses only *one* glove.

—BENNETT CERF.

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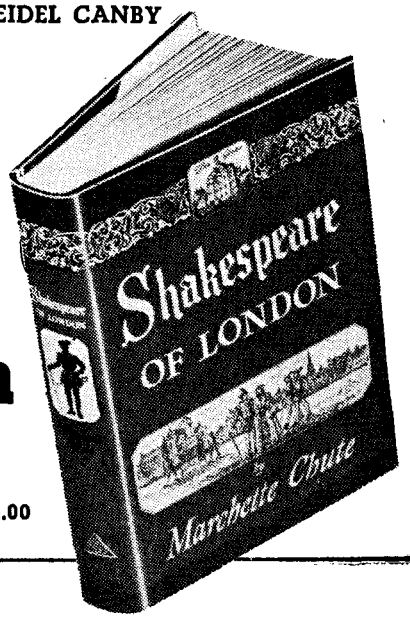

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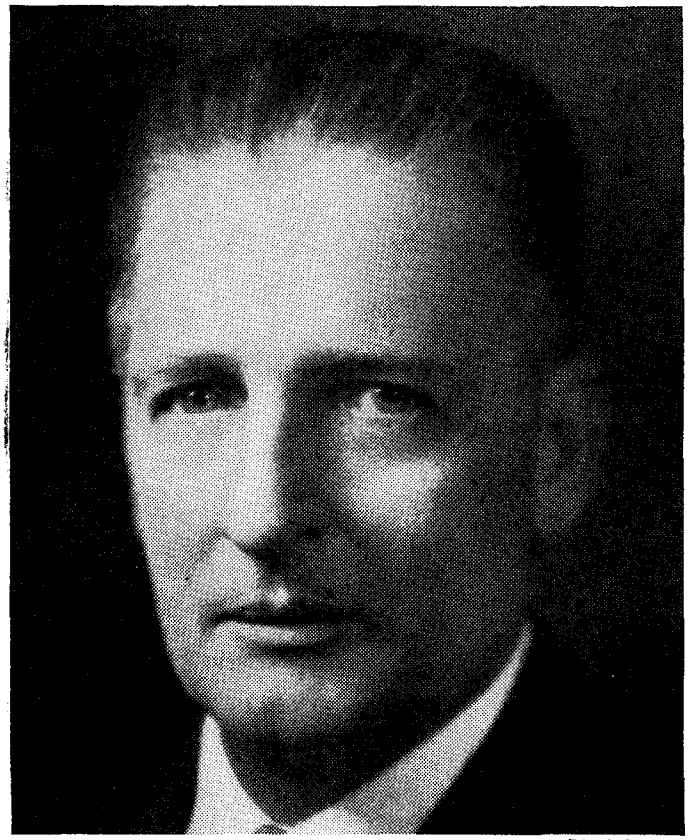
The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins

JOHN MASON BROWN



—Blank-Stoller.

Maxwell E. Perkins—"a critic in at the birth."

John Mason Brown

MEMORY is nothing if not unpredictable. Why, for example, should I still remember from my undergraduate days (having forgotten so much else) a sentence of William De Witt Hyde's? "One creative line," it insisted, "is worth all the creative editing in this ably edited world."

Mr. Hyde, I now discover, had tossed that one out in 1911, when the world unquestionably was better edited than it is at present. No doubt what he said stands even now as an evaluation of such writing as is truly creative. But, having recently read "Editor to Author,"* a collection of Maxwell E. Perkins's letters, Mr. Hyde's pronunciamento no longer seems to me as safe from challenge as it once did. Letter after letter by Mr. Perkins has forced me to realize not only how dependent creative writing can be upon creative editing but how rare such editing is.

This collection of Mr. Perkins's letters, which his co-worker at Scribner's John Hall Wheelock has affectionately introduced and assembled, is a delightful volume. It has more to say about writing than can be learned in most classrooms or garnered from a whole shelf of textbooks on the subject. It has the virtue of informality and the intimacy of conversation. It leads us into the world of manuscripts emerging rather than of completed books. It takes us out of the library or book store straight into the publisher's inner office and the author's study.

By allowing us to share the problems and agonies of writers as varied as James Huneker, Edward Bok, John Galsworthy, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner, Struthers Burt, Stark Young, Sherwood Anderson, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, James Boyd, Ernest Hemingway, Marcia Davenport, and Thomas Wolfe, it sheds a great, great deal of light and is constant in its fascination. It has about it something of the same interest and revelation which distinguish such volumes as "From Ibsen's Workshop," Chekhov's "Personal Papers" or letters, Somerset Maugham's "The Summing Up" and "A Writer's Notebook," or André Gide's "Journals." The difference is, of course, that "Editor to Author" speaks *to* writers, not *for* them. Yet in the process it somehow succeeds in doing both.

If it does this, and does this admirably, it is because Max Perkins (as he was known to everyone in the trade including those who like myself were unfortunate enough never to have met him) was possessed of all the uncommon gifts which combine to make a great editor. And a great editor, as Mr. Wheelock quotes Taine as having said, is an artist whose medium is the work of other men.

THIS was singularly true of Perkins. Although he may have begun by wanting to be a writer himself, he spent his most fruitful years in seeing to it that others should write their best. His being blessed with selflessness did not mean, however, that Perkins was unendowed with positive qualities. Without these he would have been neither the man nor the editor he was.

He had a Yankee's integrity and a Cavalier's appreciation of the arts. In a world where many read but few care about writing or the writer's problems, Perkins's understanding of both was intuitive and profound. When he said to an author, "You are a writer," he was paying the highest compliment at his command. Good writing was the passion of his life. He could sense it at once. He respected it and fought for it. His talent for discovering it was no less exceptional than his ability to encourage it. But, though he played father confessor, cheer leader, baby sitter, Dutch uncle, hand-holder, and family solicitor to many of the outstanding authors of our times, his opinions were never

*EDITOR TO AUTHOR: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins. Selected and edited, with commentary and an introduction, by John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 315 pp. $3.75.

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dogmatic and his suggestions always tentative.

"Do not ever defer to my judgment," he wrote to F. Scott Fitzgerald early in their relationship. What is more, Perkins meant it. He did not wish to intrude upon the work of others. He wanted his authors to do their own writing. He wanted their books to speak for them and to belong to them. This was his invariable attitude, even when he was laboring to persuade Thomas Wolfe not "to feel a certain shame at the idea of turning out a book of reasonable dimensions."

According to Mr. Wheelock, Max Perkins was "not by any means always amiable." His scorn, however, was directed at the windy bores, the hopeless incompetents, or the blind zealots who were convinced that only such books should be published as agreed with their prejudices. With writers, no matter how difficult, who had won his trust his patience was unending. He served them not only as a friend but as the most enlightening of teachers. His teaching was wonderfully camouflaged. It was gentle, indirect, and human. It stemmed from his loving knowledge of books no less than his superior critical faculties.

An editor of Perkins's stature is bound to be one of the best critics. He is not a critic in the sense of the reviewer who is in at the kill. Like a director in the theatre, he is a critic who is in at the birth. His work is done in advance, not afterwards. His task is to build up rather than to tear down, to encourage instead of dismiss. He does not write mere appraisals of what has been done. He throws out hints as to what should or could or might be done. His judgments are constructive. They are based on an ability to understand an author's intentions often more clearly than the author himself does in the early stages of writing. They spring from a deep sympathy with the writer and an alertness to what is best in him and his materials.

All of these perceptive and nurturing attributes Max Perkins possessed to an exceptional degree. His was a high and proud code for publishing itself. A publisher's first allegiance, as he saw it, was to talent. He felt strongly that only that which is false is killed by discussion. To his way of thinking, a publisher had a public responsibility. Hence he could not be a partisan. His job was to keep readers impartially informed about vital issues. Scribner's policy, as he phrased it, was "to publish for an author rather than to publish individual works."

Perkins had his definite theories about writing. With F. Scott Fitzgerald, he believed that many authors have been aided by being brought up in a *métier* utterly unrelated to literature, which gave them something to write from. He was leery of courses in composition. "As to perhaps a couple of years of college," he once wrote a young man, "I should think that that might be of great advantage, in a general sense, but don't try to learn about writing there. Learn something else. Learn about writing from reading. That is the right way to do it. . . . The way they teach literature and writing in college is harmful. It results in one getting into a habit of seeing everything through a kind of film of past literature, and not seeing it directly with one's own senses." Perkins felt newspaper training was preferable to the academic approach. "What really makes writing," he pointed out to James Boyd, Jr., "is done in the head, where impressions are stored up, and it is done with the eye and the ear. The agony comes later, when it has to be done with the hand, and that part of it can gain greatly from seeing how others do it, by reading."

Perkins's greatest hope was always invested in his young discoveries. He had a good reason for this. "We know," said he, "what the old authors can do and, although some of them do admirably, they seldom surprise us. But the young writers may do anything."

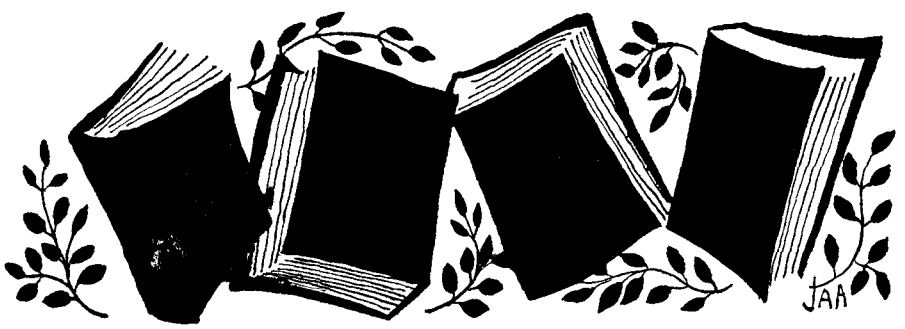
Young and old, he knew his authors well and to them he gave himself unstintingly. Through his knowing eyes we have many revealing glimpses of their writing habits and personal characteristics, and their mental and physical quirks. To him Gertrude Stein "looked like a grand old Indian squaw—as if she were very wise, too, and had lived, as they say." Ernest Hemingway, for whom his admiration was as great as his affection, was a man who had a habit of going through town "like a hurricane." Galsworthy "never overrated himself as a writer" and in his last years had no real sympathy with the times in which he found himself. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in a moment of despair, once confessed to Perkins that he was not a *natural* writer. And Sherwood Anderson was markedly susceptible to hurt feelings.

The recurrent despondency of authors, the despair with which they live because of measuring what they are able to do with what they would like to have done, is little guessed by readers. Nor is it, after all, the public's concern. Yet it was with writing friends, subject intermittently to such attacks, that Perkins was accustomed to work.

CERTAINLY none of the authors with and for whom he labored was the victim of greater despair than Thomas Wolfe. The story of their relationship has long since become part of the mythology of modern letters and publishing, but never until "Editor to Author" have the true and absorbing details been available. That Wolfe was a writer of phenomenal power, few would deny. Yet in most fine writers an editorial sense is an adjunct to their creative talents. This was not true of Wolfe. His was a torrential genius which stood desperately in need of channeling. Although he could write superbly, apparently he could not function as his own editor. Perkins served him as this other self. His patience, his tact, his insight, his perceptions, his bigness of spirit and mind, and his own genius for friendship no less than for editing are at their shining best in his letters to Wolfe.

The manner of their working together is perhaps most clearly revealed in a letter Perkins wrote to Ernest Hemingway in 1934 when "Of Time and the River" was being got into publishable form. "We have got a good system now. We work every evening from 8:30 (or as near as Tom can come to it) until 10:30 or 11:00, and Tom does actual writing at times, and does it well, where pieces have to be joined up. We are organizing the book. That is the best part of the work we are doing. It will be pretty well integrated in the end, and vastly more effectively arranged. The fact is, Tom could do the work, but his impulse is all away from the hard detailed revision. He is mighty ingenious at times, when it comes to the organization of material. The scheme is pretty clear in his own head, but he shrinks from the sacrifices, which are really cruel often. A couple of nights ago, I told Tom that a whole lot of fine stuff he had in simply ought to

(*Continued on page* 32)



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Americana. *The Founding Fathers whose names most of us remember were either Massachusetts or Virginia men. The Adamses of the Bay State and the Lees of the Old Dominion have been celebrated in family biographies; not until this week has there been a study of Pennsylvania's Muhlenbergs. Paul A. W. Wallace's chronicle of the clan that furnished Revolutionary America with distinguished clergymen, soldiers, politicians, and the first Speaker of the House of Representatives is reviewed on page 10. One of early Virginia's distinguished sons, James Madison, is having his career painstakingly recorded in a four-volume work by Irving Brant. The third and keystone volume, describing his contributions to the Federal Constitution, is discussed below. Elizabeth Oglivie takes us Down East in "My World Is an Island" and R. G. Cleland to the Southwest in his book about fur trading, "This Reckless Breed of Men."*

The Great Little Fourth President

JAMES MADISON: Father of the Constitution, 1787-1800. By Irving Brant. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 471 pp. $6.

By ADRIENNE KOCH

IN THE twilight zone of the American mind there has lurked, for about the past century, the floaty and unreal figure of James Madison. Bereft of memorable face or figure, thought to be possessed of a low and in no way distinguished voice, vague in his supposed feelings and emotions, stiff, correct, and infinitely distant, the "father" of the American Constitution wandered alone in a friendless gloom. Reasons for this supra-mundane phenomenon are not hard to find. American political figures, as Henry Adams correctly observed, are usually the sort of men who can be drawn in bold outlines, in caricatures that pick out their dominating traits. Madison was of less than middle height, had light eyes, light hair, a bridgeless nose, and a mild, small chin. But he was a rapt student, an ingenious and learned statesman, a stubborn advocate of chosen causes ("the cause for liberty" was one of his dearest; "to cherish the Union" another) and a positive dynamo in politics, whenever his delicate constitution permitted him to use his trenchant powers of argument and to ply his well-contrived maneuvers.

The past ten years have altered the nation's insufficient picture of "the great little Mr. Madison." Separate studies of Madison as a philosopher-statesman, as a partner of Jefferson in forging the Democratic Party, and Mr. Brant's conscientious and full-scale biography, of which the present volume is the third, are bringing a gifted American home to the people for whom he had deep solicitude.

The first two volumes of Mr. Brant's biography present Madison as "The Virginia Revolutionist: 1751-1780" and "The Nationalist: 1780-1787." The present volume is a study of Madison as "Father of the Constitution: 1787-1800." It is to be followed by a fourth and last volume somewhat oddly entitled "The President: 1800-1817," in which Mr. Brant apparently plans to devote his major emphasis to Madison's career as Secretary of State in Jefferson's Cabinet, and as President from 1808-1817. These four volumes will definitely constitute the most important biography we have of Madison as the politician and statesman. This is a major contribution when we consider that Madison was one of the greatest American statesmen, and in a period that was fateful for American democracy. But this emphasis on the politician somewhat eclipses the full nature of Madison's penetrating mind, that made him one of our greatest *philosopher*-statesmen and also his qualities as a human being with strong and deep friendships, likes, dislikes, and hates. In the present volume, for example, Mr. Brant devotes half of the work to Madison as the leading spirit of the Constitutional Convention and, as a result, skimps on the lesser-known activities in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when Madison and Jefferson were working out the ideology of the Democratic Party, and gives an unwisely shortened version of the basic strategy and campaign of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions.

The basic contribution Madison made in the Convention, and that alone, Mr. Brant thinks, could have entitled him to be called the "Father of the Constitution," was his "concept of national supremacy and local autonomy in a federal republic ruled by the people, with checks and balances to

THE AUTHOR: Today's rumble of political tumbrels echoes anachronistically in the hushed study room of the Library of Congress where for twelve years Irving Brant, an authority on Constitutional protocol, and his wife have been working on his James Madison tetralogy. "Consider the motives for the current Congressional invasions of the Executive field," he asked recently in a magazine article, "panic over Communism, hostility to organized labor, paramount ties of religion, dread of social and economic change, race prejudice, partisan zeal, fear of the atom bomb. Here are the emotions which make men do wrong believing they are doing right. It is almost always so . . ." Such problems were Mr. Brant's everyday concern for more than four decades, ever since 1904, when, in his father's footsteps, he became a reporter and shortly after editor for three successive Iowa papers, the *St. Louis Star* (later *Star-Times*), and writer for the *Chicago Sun*. While conducting the Missouri daily's editorial page he campaigned effectually for civil liberties, free speech, and the improvement of labor standards. It wasn't until 1934, when in his late forties, that Brant wrote his first book, "Dollars and Sense," a New Dealer's primer on economics. ("We need more of a New Deal now than we are having—by far!") And four years later, technically a PWA consultant, he composed speeches for FDR, which weren't used, and offered Ickes advices on forestry and wildlife conservation, which were. The last is a matter of persistent interest to the Brants, who at the drop of a footnote will go canoeing and mountain-climbing for weeks at a time. Between Madison volumes was his "Road to Peace and Freedom," in 1943. "It seemed to me that we were failing to understand the part that Russia was sure to play in the future and that there was a danger of blundering, but," he chuckles, "I gave the Russians credit for more sense than they have."—R. G.

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guard against legislative or executive tyranny and against impetuous legislation."

The follow-up work of getting the Constitution ratified quite naturally keeps Madison in the spotlight. As co-author with Hamilton of the *Federalist,* Madison wrote twenty-nine cogent essays on the nature of federalism and republican government, including his famous No. 10 on factions and the role of property in producing political parties—his view that divisions in society would be controlled by the very fact of their multiplicity, so that no single faction could solely determine legislation and administrative policy. In an extensive republic, Madison never tired of repeating, wise and just laws will prevail over the poisons of factional politics.

It is a temptation, wholly natural, when one devotes years of painstaking research and careful writing to the life of a great statesman to claim for him not only the honors that should generously be granted but other honors not warranted by the facts. It is fairly generally known that Madison rejected the suggestion in the Constitutional Convention to include a bill of rights in the Constitution. Nor did he ever warm up to the charm of such amendments. He had, however, been under constant fire from Jefferson, in Paris, to add a bill of rights to the Constitution, and the Virginia Convention had clearly indicated (by means of some forty suggested amendments) that it would not be satisfied until they found a place in the fundamental charter of the land. As majority leader in Congress, therefore, Madison rose in the first Congress to submit a bill of rights, which finally appeared as the first ten amendments to the Constitution. While Mr. Brant grants the substance of this story, he both justifies the apprehension that made Madison suspicious of a bill of rights *and* the "superlative performance" that grew out of these same apprehensions. No mention is made of Jefferson's effective propaganda to his good friend on this subject, nor of the specific lists of amendments that Jefferson enclosed to show what a basic bill of rights should include.

Yet certain mistakes and eccentricities of judgment are perhaps unavoidable in a lengthy and pioneering study. None of them in any important way qualifies the original and exhaustive scholarship of Mr. Brant in giving us our soundest biography of James Madison.

Adrienne Koch is author of a book recently published by Knopf, "Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration." She is adjutant associate professor of philosophy at NYU.

Patriarch of Lutheranism & Family

THE MUHLENBERGS OF PENNSYLVANIA. By Paul A. W. Wallace. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 358 *pp.* $4.

By PHILIP S. KLEIN

THIS scholarly, discerning, and richly satisfying family biography restores to proper focus one of those exceptional American families which, like the Adamses, exerted through successive generations a profound influence on American history. It recreates vividly the life of provincial and Revolutionary America. But the most absorbing aspect of the book, that quality which, in the reviewer's opinion, gives it lasting value, is its unaffected and heartwarming portrayal of family life—a quality which derives partly from the sympathetic understanding and literary craftsmanship of the author and partly from the rugged character of the Muhlenbergs themselves, whose letters and diaries tell much of the story at first hand.

Pastor Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, born in Germany and schooled in Pietism at Halle, came in 1742 as a Lutheran missionary to that "Throne of Satan," Pennsylvania. This "wild, free land" he found teeming with "a wicked and frivolous rabble," its pulpits infested by "vagabond preachers" and "notorious rascals." Pastor Muhlenberg faced his life's work squarely. To his superiors in Europe he wrote: "I hope, by God's grace, to establish some order." This sheep dog of the Lord drove the wolves from his church, herded the scattered flocks back to the fold, and soon became the undisputed Patriarch of Lutheranism in America.

Patriarch Muhlenberg married the daughter of Indian interpreter Conrad Weiser (of whom Dr. Wallace has written a biography) and reared, in due course, three sons and four daughters. While all of the sons entered the Lutheran ministry, all later achieved fame in secular fields.

Peter dramatically doffed his clerical robe to join the Patriot army, rose to the rank of a Brigadier General, saved Washington's troops from a major disaster at Brandywine, and bore the brunt of the Yorktown operations. Frederick entered politics, sat in the Second Continental Congress, became one of Pennsylvania's leading Federalists (he presided at the state convention which ratified the United States Constitution), and was elected the first Speaker of the national House of Representatives. Henry Ernest added to the duties of an active pastorate the presidency of newly-founded Franklin College at Lancaster in 1787 and an energetic program of research and publication in botany which earned for him the reputation he still holds—"the American Linnaeus."

Of the daughters, one became the mother of a Pennsylvania governor, one married an outstanding Lutheran churchman, another married a Revolutionary War veteran who later entered Congress, while the fourth attached herself to an amiable Irishman who proved to be a leaven of good humor and light-heartedness in a family which, on the whole, took itself very seriously.

In any family of seven children, all married and all frequent visitors and correspondents among themselves and their in-laws, there could not fail to be some confusion. The organization of the book reflects this. There are points at which the reader temporarily loses track of the activities or the whereabouts of some of the offspring, but no more so than "Daddy" Muhlenberg, who, distracted by perpetual "confusions" in Lutheran congregations and grievously worried by the epileptic fits of his wife, was himself not always master of the situation.

The significant thing about the Muhlenbergs was that they possessed a unity of purpose which over-rode common domestic trials and brought the family to eminence despite its problems. A strong sense of order, respect of constituted authority, and Pietism as a religion of personal action were the guiding principles of the clan. The family motto might have been, in the words of Henry Melchior: "People must first have something better before they will give up what is worse." Both the Muhlenbergs and Dr. Wallace, considering all the perplexities which faced both in their respective tasks, have given us something better.

Philip S. Klein is on the faculty of the Pennsylvania State College.

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Colorado Montagnes

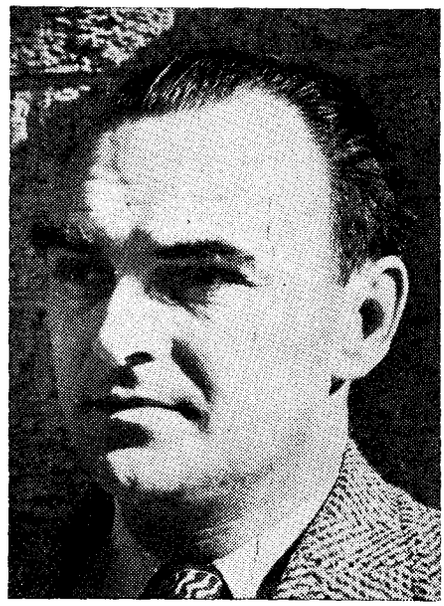
ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY. By Albert N. Williams. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 289 pp. $3.50.

By DALE L. MORGAN

THE NEW addition to the American Folkways will hardly be received as one of its shining achievements. For 113 pages, in fact, one wonders why "Rocky Mountain Country" was written at all. Belatedly the book then comes alive, and it stays right perky until it gets in sight of the index, but 113 pages of dead weight are a back-breaking burden for any book to carry. I for one am sorry that Mr. Williams did not take counsel of his better judgment and condense the argument of these opening pages by a full two-thirds. In the space thus saved he might have developed many aspects of Rocky Mountain history he has turned his back upon, or perhaps elaborated those later chapters of the book which are its solid merit.

Mr. Williams's fumbling with his theme, I think, proceeds very largely out of a vagueness in nomenclature that has always troubled the history of the Rockies. Originally, *Montagnes Rocheuses* was a term applied to the entire mountain mass dividing the watersheds of the Atlantic and the Pacific, from Mexico to Canada, and though he specifically delimits the Rocky Mountains by making them, for the purpose of this book, comprise only that high wall we speak of as the Colorado Rockies, those first 113 pages develop a history which rightly belongs only to the Rockies of larger definition. Granted that attention must be given to background, Mr. Williams does not bring either much insight or any conspicuous accuracy to his development of this background, and his book suffers accordingly.

The recital of the Spanish explorations and military campaigns up out of New Mexico is on the whole not mistaken in the facts but is all wrong as to emphasis and proportion. The pages given to the fur trade display a distinguished ignorance of its character and the details of its history. The mountain men got into the Colorado Rockies at a surprisingly early date; by 1820 a half-breed could tell the members of Long's expedition of having penetrated to the sources of the North Platte, with North Park known even then as "the bull-pen." But you won't find anything of this early history in Mr. Williams's narrative. The fur trade of that region was based originally on Taos and later on posts built on the South Platte, the Uncompahgre, the Uinta, and the Green, with Bent's Fort a powerful factor, too. The



Albert N. Williams—"something very like a tin ear for Western history."

early history of the Colorado Rockies is not to be understood without reference to this trade, and I am amazed that Mr. Williams can have written his book in ignorance of it.

There are far too many demonstrations by Mr. Williams of something very like a tin ear for Western history. We get a full rehash of the Oregon and California trail which bent around the region to the north, but little indeed on the Cherokee trail or the explorations of 1861-65 for a direct route across the Rockies. A rehearsal of the creaking facts about the building of the Union Pacific, but only a single absent-minded mention of General William Palmer and his Denver & Rio Grande Western, which still proudly boasts, "Through the Rockies, not around them."

The kind of book this could have been is shown when Mr. Williams comes to events that genuinely interest him. Beginning with the Colorado gold rush of 1859 and later the book rares back and goes. On such themes as the opening up of Colorado, its fascinating mining towns and fantastic early barons, the campaign against Sibley in 1862, and, above all, the early labor strife in the mines, the heritage from which still troubles industrial relations in our society, Mr. Williams writes understandingly and even excitingly. Stock raising, dry farming, and irrigation developments receive more fleeting attention, while the last chapter with its long look at the present and future of Colorado, is distinctly inferior. Altogether, about a C-minus performance, somewhat redeemed by five useful maps. However, the depiction of the Frémont routes on them bears about the same relation to reality as the book's account of Bonneville.

In a Tide-Hole

MY WORLD IS AN ISLAND. By Elizabeth Ogilvie. New York: Whittlesey House. 270 pp. $3.

By RUTH MOORE

THIS is a pleasant book about living in a tide-hole. Now, a tide-hole is a place where you land on some clean, pebbly beach, all green and sparkling with water, and come back to find a half-mile of clamflats between your boat and the ocean. A good many Maine islands which have any harbor at all are tide-holes; this may account for so many of them being deserted. After a man has been lobstering out of a tide-hole for twenty years or so, if he hasn't gone down white-haired to the grave, he's likely to put his oars over his shoulder some morning and start walking.

The reader will note that when Miss Ogilvie and her friends, Dorothy and Guy Simpson, moved on to Gay's Island, Guy planned to go lobstering but after awhile he loaded up his traps and went back to Criehaven. Mm-hm. Tide-hole.

Well, such islands were always different for the womenfolk, who didn't have the responsibility of the powerboat. In almost any harbor on the mainland which has water in it for twenty-four hours a day you can find women who keep telling about the time they lived off on such-and-such an island, when they never had it so good. Some don't agree; they've had cars and movies for awhile and you couldn't drag them back dead. But if you go through the deserted houses on some Maine island where there was a village once, nine times out of ten you'll come across a lot of women's things. Miss Ogilvie and Mrs. Simpson, for instance, started to clear out the old Gay's Island house and they found the woman's preserves dried up in her jars.

Now, a Maine woman doesn't abandon her preserves for no reason. Either she's left for somewhere in a crisis or she expects to come back. The title alone of Miss Ogilvie's book is enough to start quite a few former islanders to remembering blueberries in the burnt land and highland cranberries in the field, the white violets that blossomed before the snow was out of the woods, and the smell of those same clamflats that made Pa swear so—a good, strong salt-mud smell, if you like clamflats. Not everybody does. There were spruce sticks crackling in the airtight; you don't have fires like that. In fact, you don't have fire at all, if the oil truck doesn't get around on time. There was one chimney that whistled when

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the wind blew a certain way and in a good no'theaster snowflakes used to come up the sinkspout. You can't help thinking, too, about all those preserves.

Miss Ogilvie's day-by-day account of how she and the Simpsons managed, living on Gay's, probably won't start an exodus of old-timers back to islands. It recalls only too clearly how those skiffs had to be dragged around; how all those hundredweights of food and materials had to be loaded into a boat, ferried across to the island, unloaded, put into a wheelbarrow, wheeled up to the house, unloaded, carried inside, put away. Someone said once that he who cuts his own wood is warmed twice, but he who cuts his own wood on a Maine island is good and well warmed nine times. Count 'em. Over on the mainland a man brings oil and a boy puts the groceries right into the Frigidaire.

"My World Is an Island" is written sensitively and with charm; the author's light touch in no way hides her deep feeling for islands. So pleasant does she make hers sound that she may well start a seaward movement among people who have not yet lived on an island; to the faint crackling sound, as she herself suggests, of modern sacroiliacs.

The Southwest—Beaver to Silk

THIS RECKLESS BREED OF MEN: The Trappers and Fur Traders of the Southwest. By Robert Glass Cleland. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 396 pp. $4.

By Oscar Lewis

"TO ALL intents and purposes," writes Mr. Cleland in the prologue of this work, "the trans-Mississippi fur trade began in the Northwest with the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1804-06 and closed with the settlement of the Oregon Question forty years later." Over the balance of the area, and particularly in the Southwest—the region with which this book mainly deals—, the heyday of the trapper was even shorter, it having begun about 1820 and lasted a scant two decades. The reason for the sudden rise of this trade lay in the fact that during the second and third decades of the last century fashion decreed that the well-dressed man in the Eastern United States and in Europe must wear a hat made of beaver fur, and it came to an equally abrupt end when, as the 1830's ended, the style in masculine headgear shifted, beaver going out and being succeeded by silk.

That anything so inconsequential could have ushered in (and presently terminated) one of the truly great periods in the exploration of the West arouses a degree of wonder even among those who recognize that history is replete with such ironies. For when the demand for beaver fur sent the price of skins to above $5 a pound at annual spring trading rendezvous all over the frontier, it set in motion a search that sent bands of determined men pressing even further into the unknown to hunt out new rivers and streams in which to lay their traps. It was this booming trade, the first widespread commerce of the plains and mountains, that hastened the exploration of vast areas all over the Western third of the nation and added to our national heritage a whole galaxy of intrepid frontiersmen whose deeds are too little known today.

It is clearly one of the purposes of the present work to help restore these hunters and trappers to their rightful place in the country's pioneer annals, and in this aim it succeeds admirably. Any reader who is at all curious to know what part the fur trade played in opening up the West, how the business was conducted, who were its leaders, and what hardships the trappers endured on their incredibly long treks into regions never before penetrated by white men will find the answers to most of their questions here, lucidly set forth and preserving so much of the feel and flavor of the period as to persuade many to hunt out and read the first-hand narratives upon which this survey is largely based.

"The fur trader," writes Mr. Cleland, ". . . started from frontiers at which more cautious pioneers were glad to stop . . . The feet of the nation walked his half-obliterated trails, the course of empire followed his solitary pathways to the Western sea." This is by no means an exaggerated statement of the case. The record, however, is not complete; much of the story has been lost beyond recovery. For some of the most daring and far-ranging of the trappers are scarcely known today even to students of frontier history, whereas others loom large on the geography of the West, their names appearing on rivers, mountains, lakes, and other landmarks. To which group the individual pathfinder came to belong depended in large measure on whether or not he or some member of his party kept a written record of his exploits, either in the form of contemporary diaries, letters, or reports,

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OPERA: COMPOSERS AND ORIGINAL AUTHORS

A quiz on operas is suggested by Charles Whittaker, of Beverly Hills, Calif. Can you match up the opera titles with their well-known composers and their not-so-well-known original authors? Allowing two points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. "The Bartered Bride"	( ) Beethoven	( ) Pierre Beaumarchais
2. "Blossom Time"	( ) Bellini	( ) David Belasco
3. "Boris Godounoff"	( ) Bizet	( ) Jean Bouilly
4. "Carmen"	( ) Damrosch	( ) Bulwer-Lytton
5. "The Chocolate Soldier"	( ) Debussy	( ) Dorothy Donnelly
6. "Cyrano"	( ) De Koven	( ) Alexandre Dumas
7. "Faust"	( ) Delibes	( ) G. A. Federico
8. "Fidelio"	( ) Donizetti	( ) Edna Ferber
9. "The Girl of the Golden West"	( ) Gounod	( ) Johann von Goethe
10. "The King's Henchman"	( ) Kern	( ) E. T. A. Hoffmann
11. "La Gioconda"	( ) Massenet	( ) Victor Hugo
12. "Lakmé"	( ) Moussorgsky	( ) Pierre Loti
13. "La Traviata"	( ) Mozart	( ) M. Maeterlinck
14. "Lucia di Lammermoor"	( ) Offenbach	( ) Prosper Merimée
15. "Maid-Mistress"	( ) Pergolesi	( ) Edna St. V. Millay
16. "Manon"	( ) Ponchielli	( ) Marcel Prévost
17. "The Marriage of Figaro"	( ) Puccini	( ) Alexander Pushkin
18. "Norma"	( ) Romberg	( ) Felice Romani
19. "Pelléas and Mélisande"	( ) Rossini	( ) Edmond Rostand
20. "Rienzi"	( ) Smetana	( ) Karel Sabina
21. "Robin Hood"	( ) O. Straus	( ) Johann Schiller
22. "Salome"	( ) R. Strauss	( ) Sir Walter Scott
23. "Show Boat"	( ) Taylor	( ) Bernard Shaw
24. "Tales of Hoffmann"	( ) Verdi	( ) Harry Smith
25. "William Tell"	( ) Wagner	( ) Oscar Wilde

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or in reminiscent narratives written or dictated in later life. Thus although some mighty feats of exploration have undoubtedly been lost for lack of someone willing and able to commit them to paper, others were fortunate in having a scribe to make a record of their travels, and their stories, imperfect and fragmentary though they are, constitute one of the West's most engrossing chapters.

This, too, the present book makes clear, for Mr. Cleland, thoroughly familiar with the prolix and widely scattered literature of the period, and an old hand at winnowing what is true and significant from mountains of material of dubious authenticity, has compressed a highly complex subject into moderate space and has done it in such a way as to lose remarkably little of its variety and color. He devotes, as is proper, much space to the stories of three major trapper-explorers of the period: **Jedediah** Smith, Ewing Young, and Joseph Reddeford Walker, but he by no means neglects such other figures in that far-faring crew as the Patties, father and son, Jackson, Robidoux, Williams, Wolfskill, Ogden, Work, and a dozen more.

Because his book is designed primarily as a sort of general introduction to the saga of the fur traders, the author makes liberal use of the chronicles of earlier writers on the subject and in particular those who wrote from first-hand knowledge. Moreover, these quoted passages are so skilfully chosen and throw light on so many little-known phases of frontier life and frontier lore that they add measurably to rounding out and completing this deft and convincing picture of the American fur trade.

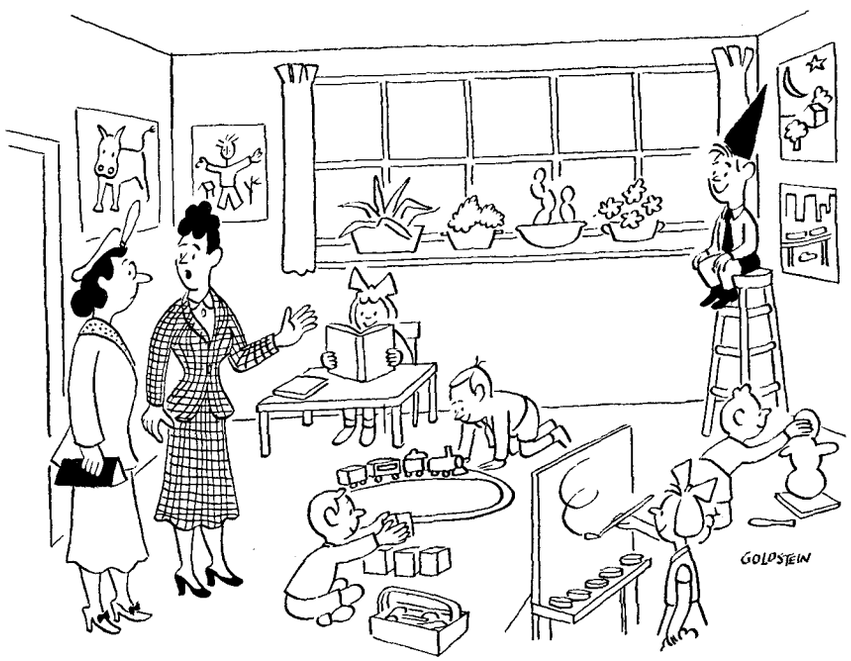
Americana Notes

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT": The Story of Fifty Years in the White House Mail Room, by Ira R. T. Smith with Joe Alex Morris. Messner. $3. Sour are the uses of publicity. A Los Angeles radio breakfast program took in 600,000 dimes for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and sent them under guard to Washington. The trip, Mr. Smith explains, cost $670, "whereas a check could have been mailed for three cents." Dimes have reached the White House in cakes, concrete bricks, wax, hollow canes, gallon jugs. A hundred yards of them arrived in scotch tape. President Truman's booty has included a lawn-mower, an ant village with live ants, a case of hair tonic, a garbage can, a fly swatter, a dog carved from a cake of soap, a package of eleven comic books, an ice-cream telegram (?), a pair of shorts, a 140-pound watermelon, a basket carved from a peachstone, and a ukulele with instruction book (there are three pages of this inventory for anyone interested, and who wouldn't be?). Pressure mail probably goes back to Cyrus the Great; it began to be a ponderable factor in American politics in the days of Theodore Roosevelt; today an experienced White House mail clerk (Mr. Smith served fifty-one years and three months) can estimate next week's mail from today's newspaper. Mr. Smith has soaked packages overnight only to discover that they contained sweet potatoes; he also soaked a fountain pen which turned out to be loaded with an explosive mixture. His story is somewhat discursive, but so were a good many thousands of the letters he had to read.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY SOME MEN WHO KNEW HIM, edited by Paul M. Angle. Americana House Publications, Chicago. $7.50. At the time of the Lincoln centennial anniversary in 1909, it occurred to Isaac N. Phillips of Bloomington, Illinois, that the true Lincoln was being submerged in a flood of eulogy and adulation. The time for factual and accurate recollection was fast running out. Phillips forthwith set to work to collect authentic reminiscences from men still living. Five Illinoisans measured up to his standard. Their brief recollections were embodied in the present book, which was first published modestly in Bloomington in 1910 as virtually the final contribution to the Lincoln story by those who had seen him plain. The book has since become a rarity, hence this reissue. Mr. Angle admits that the book "makes no weighty contribution to the history of the years with which it deals, . . . reveals no facts of significance, and contains the usual quota of minor errors." But he commends it for its "unpretentious sincerity" and for "the success of its authors in developing a composite character sketch that carries conviction." The restoration to print of this sensible experiment in biographical exploration was an undertaking well worth the doing.

THE VOICE OF THE OLD FRONTIER, by R. W. G. Vail. University of Pennsylvania Press. $15. Herein, most gloriously, the tail wags the dog. Mr. Vail, director of the New York Historical Society, delivered the Rosenbach Fellowship bibliographical lectures at the University of Pennsylvania in 1945. The three lectures, comprising eighty-one of this book's 492 pages, are a richly satisfying introduction to the rest of it, which is a "selection" (as the selector modestly describes it) of "works written by those living on the frontier of what is now the United States, stories of Indian captivity within this area, and promotion tracts by agents for the sale of frontier lands, the first editions of which appeared not later than 1800." The list, extending to 1,300 units beginning with the year 1542, thus embraces virtually the whole area of North American exploration and settlement between Canada and Mexico from the beginning well into the era of the Republic. Since the arrangement is chronological, the effect is grandly panoramic—here, in careful, precise tabulation, enumeration, and description, is why we are

(*Continued on page* 37)



"It's his own idea—claims he saw it in a movie."

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The World.

Judging from the newspaper headlines, we Americans are today fighting two cold wars: a global one against Communist Russia and a domestic one over the State Department's conduct of it. One of the chief figures in our civil war is Owen Lattimore, author of "Pivot of Asia," reviewed below, a meaty study of the strategically and economically important province of Sinkiang in Western China. Craig Thompson's "The Police State," another new book, furnishes useful though somewhat familiar data about the Soviet Union itself, while Hallett Abend's "Half Slave, Half Free" suggests that hot and aggressive war may be the only way to stop Communism. Meanwhile profound changes are taking place in English society that may well affect American destinies. Critical accounts of these are given in Lewis's and Maude's "The English Middle Classes" and Hutchison's "Decline and Fall of British Capitalism."

New Center of Political Gravity

PIVOT OF ASIA. By Owen Lattimore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 288 pp. $2.50.

By Richard E. Lauterbach

OWEN LATTIMORE, this country's preeminent authority on matters Asiatic, has temporarily put aside the wide-angle-lens which he employed so effectively in his last two books ("Solution in Asia," "The Situation in Asia") to give us a scholarly closeup of a little known but increasingly strategic sector of that vast continent. The focus in "Pivot of Asia" is on Sinkiang, the westerly Chinese province adjacent to the Soviet Union, Afghanistan, and Pakistan.

"A new center of gravity is forming in the world," Mr. Lattimore states in the opening paragraph of his book. "In terms of power politics it has two outstanding characteristics: accessibility from Russia, for the kinds of power which are at Russia's disposal, and inaccessibility from America, for the kinds of power that are at America's disposal."

Sinkiang, which Mr. Lattimore calls "China's India," is the heartland of this center, at the crossroads of Inner Asia, plagued by the unsolved problems of centuries, rich in a dozen different potentials including oil. Twice the size of Texas, the province has a population of 3,730,000 (estimated), 90 per cent of whom are not Chinese. They derive from many stocks and religions although the overwhelming majority are Moslem, and Mohammedanism is, therefore, a political as well as a spiritual force.

In the period of the Han Empire, 2,000 years ago, Sinkiang was also a "pivot" around which the struggle for power revolved. Since then, although invaded by Turks, Mongols, and Manchus, vied for by British and Russian imperialists, and wooed by would-be Chinese satraps, Sinkiang has remained politically indigestible. The big question posed today is: Can the Chinese Communists succeed in Sinkiang where all others have failed? For although nominally a province of China since the latter part of the nineteenth century, Sinkiang has never been integrated and its people have never considered themselves Chinese citizens.

It has been Mr. Lattimore's theory, developed in earlier volumes, that certain features of the Soviet system have a strong power of attraction for peoples in the stage of pastoral nomadism which now exists in Sinkiang. If China had not come under the domination of the Communists, it is entirely likely that the rich province might have been attracted into the Soviet sphere of influence. As Mr. Lattimore points out, "In terms of the affinities of peoples, languages, and cultures, geographical accessibility, the most economical laying out of modern communications, and the rapid promotion of material progress, the natural orientation of Sinkiang is toward Mongolia and the Soviet Union, rather than toward China."

What the Chinese Communists now do in Sinkiang will have enormous impact on the rest of Asia and, in fact, throughout the entire Moslem world. To round up new information and to evaluate existing fragmentary materials on Sinkiang, an Inner Asian Seminar was formed under Mr. Lattimore's leadership at the Page School of International Relations, Johns Hopkins University. With the aid of a Carnegie Foundation grant and seven assistants, the material for "Pivot of Asia" was gathered, checked, and written.

All hands are to be congratulated on the results. With the incomparable breadth of knowledge which his long experience in the field has given him, Mr. Lattimore has woven together a fascinating short survey of Sinkiang's history, peoples, geography, economic status, and social structure. An indispensable addition to the library of all Orientalists, "Pivot of Asia" is also highly recommended background reading for everyone deeply concerned with the future of Asia as it relates to this country's developing role in world affairs.

—From "China in Black and White."

"Transporting Food to the Army," by Li Hwa.

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What You Want to Know About Russia

THE POLICE STATE. By Craig Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 259 pp. $3.

By Homer Bigart

HOW sound is our knowledge of Soviet Russia? Craig Thompson, who served more than two years as Moscow correspondent for *Time* and *Life*, complains that we are too lazy, stupid, gullible, and optimistic to grasp the meaning and direction of Communism. He says we are still naive enough to believe after all these years that when a Communist talks of democracy he is speaking of the values we cherish and live by. And we hug the delusion that relations with the Kremlin would inevitably improve if only Joe Stalin and Harry Truman would get together.

This thesis seems a little dated to us here in Washington, where fear rather than complacency is the prevalent reaction to Russian imperialism. However, Mr. Thompson's indictment may be true of the rest of the country, and he has written a useful book: "The Police State: What You Want to Know About the Soviet Union," as a sort of primer that should make all of us suitably uneasy.

Mr. Thompson says flatly that no agreement is possible with the present rulers of Russia. They do not believe in compromise: "To them, compromise is only a stratagem, a device to fool the enemy and gain a more advantageous position." The Kremlin's goal is nothing less than the political and economic enslavement of the world, says the author, and he points out that the Soviet pattern of power seizure is so familiar by now that anyone should be able to predict the next Communist move in any threatened country.

He reaches the grim judgment that the non-Communist world has two courses — to accept Communism or combat it. Our Secretary of State has arrived at the same conclusion.

The Communist argument that the Soviet Government is a "people's government" is pretty effectively demolished by Mr. Thompson. He witnessed the general election of 1946, noting that the central election commission was chosen by the Supreme Soviet's Presidium from lists furnished by the Communist Party or by Party-controlled unions of workers and intellectuals so that the machinery passed into the absolute control of the Party at the very beginning. The central commission, arbiter in all election matters, had power to approve or disapprove the composition of the area commissions and these in turn played a decisive role in the selection of the precinct commissions. To create the illusion of a free election, Soviet law provides that any enterprise, a factory, a military unit, or even a group of people living in a house, may nominate any candidate for the Supreme Soviet, but the author found that the name of the nominee usually came down from the Party central committee. True, there were non-Party members among the candidates but these persons were completely docile to Party direction and, as Stalin himself explained: "The only difference is this: some are in the Party and some are not." In any case the Supreme Soviet is nothing more than "the world's biggest rubber stamp," says Mr. Thompson.

He describes the typical Politburo member: "short, heavy-jowled, heavy-bottomed" and "half-educated but clever, ambitious but provident, vindictive but sly, courageous and cruel, patient and vindictive." He thinks Molotov is most likely to succeed Stalin while beneath Molotov the fight for succession involves Beria, Malenkov, and Bulganin, with Malenkov the most likely winner. But all this, he admits, is pure conjecture.

There is an illuminating chapter on the police and judiciary, including an interesting account of the author's visit to a people's court. Mr. Thompson estimates that the forced-labor camps of the Soviet hold "conservatively" twelve million men and women, which means that every fourth employee of the Soviet industrial machine apparently is a slave worker. On the theory that it is foolish to shoot a man when you can work him to death, the Soviet Union recently abolished the death penalty. The maximum penalty now is twenty-five years at hard labor. The author claims that twenty-five years is sheer optimism—the life expectancy of the slave laborer is closer to ten.

Is the Red Army invincible? Mr. Thompson doesn't think so. He says Hitler could have taken Moscow had he not ordered the transfer of major German strength southward with the intention of cutting the Volga and isolating Moscow. That gave Zhukov time to bring up a fresh army from the Far East. Moreover, a stupid occupation policy lost the Germans an excellent chance to neutralize millions of Russians. Instead of applying humane treatment, the occupying Nazis behaved with such brutality that people of the occupied areas joined guerrilla forces and played a vastly important role in the final Soviet victory.

Mr. Thompson looks into the cultural situation and decides that Stalin's postwar purge of the arts and sciences has reduced writers to Party-line pamphleteers. He doubts that Mikhail Sholokov's "And Quiet Flows the Don" could get past the censors now. As for the theatre, Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" was the only foreign play allowed to stay on the boards in Moscow after the purge began. New Russian plays must glorify Communism and vilify its enemies.

In the economic field the author learned that the Soviet boast of "security for all" was meaningless. Everybody works, he conceded, but too many of them at paper shuffling and too few at productive jobs. He concluded: "The Soviet solution of unemployment, in short, is simply the creation of a permanent leaf-raking project. An endless vista of hopeless poverty, garnished by a handful of fifth-rate social services, is the security it provides for the average individual."

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"See—Our Economy's Under Control."

—*Pletcher in* The Sioux City Journal.

"His Favorite Steed."

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For Preventive War

HALF SLAVE, HALF FREE. By Hallett Abend. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 304 pp. $3.

By James M. Minifie

HALLETT ABEND appears to be advocating a war of aggression against the Soviet Union. He does not say so in so many words but the implications of his argument are inescapable.

Mr. Abend rejects as "forlorn retreats into unreality" the possibility of satellite revolt against Moscow, change of policy by the Communist leaders, or successful action by the United Nations to outlaw atomic bombs. The major reasons why war is not inevitable having been discarded quite arbitrarily, it is not surprising to find Mr. Abend concluding that war is indeed unavoidable. But, even so, he finds that only the most tough-fibered minds will admit "a deep conviction that war between the West and East has become inevitable."

Once this is admitted, however, it is not too difficult to move on to the conclusion that in that case the West should jump 'em. "The mere fact of waiting means abdication from the advantage of possessing the initiative" —and, of course, meanwhile we are risking bankruptcy while "Soviet agents may even now be smuggling into this country a store of bombs and distributing them among our most important cities."

An alternative to waiting, according to the author, is favored by "many high military officers" and "a lesser number of civilian leaders" in Washington and London. This would be an immediate ultimatum to Russia to accept United Nations control and inspection of atomic energy in all forms, refusal to be followed by immediate and simultaneous attack by all the North Atlantic Pact nations. "Presumably in a conflict of this motivation no weapons would be barred from use by either side."

It is true that there is a certain amount of this pernicious stuff circulating in the Pentagon, not, indeed, on a high level but among the field-officer stratum, particularly in the Air Force. The American public should know this and realize that if such talk had to be taken seriously it would be the best imaginable confirmation of Soviet charges that the democracies are plotting aggression against the USSR. The other members of the North Atlantic Pact might take note of it, too, for it is on their territory that the bang-bang boys would want to fight—and no weapons barred.

The pattern is familiar. It starts out with the usual supposition: "If within the near future the United States and its Allies ever learn on unimpeachable authority that such an invasion is actually being deliberated in Moscow, freedom-loving nations will be compelled to attack first in order to avoid a surprise onslaught of vast destructiveness." Obviously, no secret intent, particularly if it lies in the mind of one man, can ever be learned on "unimpeachable authority," so we come to the next step, which is to tell ourselves that we must take the offensive for that very reason. "The Western world will survive and triumph only if it does not wait too long before it moves to free the world in chains. If we wait until Russia has amassed a stock pile of atomic bombs and allow the Politburo to choose its own time and places for an unannounced and overwhelming attack, we invite defeat and a return of the Dark Ages."

There have been signs recently that a similar line is being taken in Congress among some Senators and Representatives who have been loudest in insisting that a new approach be made to the Russians.

Back of their insistence is the idea that once this "last offer" has been made and rejected the democratic conscience will be clear and can move forward to the deadly contradiction-in-terms of "preventive war." The State Department is seriously concerned at this trend, which is as much as anything else responsible for the decision of Dean Acheson to put the Department's case straight to the people. This case is briefly, that until there are certain known grounds for agreement it is useless to call a conference, since any agreement written without such areas of equilibrium would be as worthless as the "peace-in-our-time" paper which Chamberlain brought home from Munich.

Such conference suggestions only play into the hands of the Russians. There could be no better witness to this than the unctuousness with which they responded to the proposals of Senators McMahon and Tydings. It was the signal for Ambassador Panyushkin to throw a cocktail party at the Russian Embassy, where kind words and caviar abounded. But as Dean Rusk, the deputy under-secretary of State, remarked, "He didn't come to see me with any proposals for discussions."

Today's Burghers

THE ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASSES. By Roy Lewis and Angus Maude. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 360 pp. $3.75.

By C. E. Ayres

THERE is a sense in which Western civilization as a whole must be identified as "middle class." Vestiges of feudalism do remain, of course, but they persist as institutional hangovers rather than as social classes. Even in America inheritance is a fact to be reckoned with, but it affects all of us in every walk of life. There is no feudal aristocracy and no villainage, and never has been. In England, too, serfdom has long since disappeared and, although the House of Lords maintains a precarious existence, blue blood has been largely diluted with other liquids. Even in the nineteenth century it became known as "the beerage," and more recently aristocratic blood has suffered a further infusion of the acid of the Labor Party.

Meantime another conception of the middle class has gained currency. Between them the rise of modern industry and the invention of dialectical materialism have brought into existence a large body of industrial wage earners and a relatively small group of persons whom we have learned from Marx to call "capitalists." In the ideology of the Marxist dialectic, the "proletariat" and the "bourgeoisie" are all that counts. But in fact the populations both of England and of the United States contain a very large number of persons—less than half the nation, perhaps, but not very much less—who are not capitalists in any very precise sense but also are not "horny-handed sons of toil." They are professional people, small businessmen, salaried managers, and "white-collared" workers generally.

It is with these people in all their significant plurality that "The English Middle Classes" deals. The story is a fascinating one, and Messrs. Lewis and Maude tell it with a verve that is unusual in a book so packed with facts and so rich in references. Certainly there is no other treatment of this subject that makes such sprightly reading.

In their history the middle classes of today go back to the medieval burghers who first insinuated themselves between lords and serfs. The state of mind of staunch self-help, the way of life of men whose homes, though they were not castles, achieved the dignity and privacy of castles, and the outlook on life of people who had risen far and were confident of rising

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farther, all derive from the historic origins of the burgher class. From the confiscation of the monasteries to the rise of modern industry these were the people who were in a position to profit most by all the exigencies of social change.

Has their day passed? Messrs. Lewis and Maude hope not. Certainly they reject the Marxist dogma, which condemns the middle classes to progressive degrading and eventual merging with the proletariat. But there is no question about the pressure to which they are being subjected. Indeed, quite clearly it is the crisis of the middle classes that has impelled the authors to compose their book.

This pressure is partly a matter of conscience, partly a matter of finances, and partly a matter of snobbery. As the authors show, the middle classes have been oppressed by a sense of guilt ever since the latter part of the nineteenth century, and it has been their consciousness of guilt that has nourished the growth of both Liberal and Labor parties. But they, more than any other class, have felt the fiscal burden of reform. Their taxes have been increasingly heavy and have now reached the point at which class extinction seems to threaten.

But what is it, really, that is threatened? Messrs. Lewis and Maude discuss many different aspects of the situation of the middle classes with bright, and even brittle, intelligence: the shrinkage of income, the dwindling of families, the sacrifice of capital to send the children to the "right" schools, the despairing effort to keep "Cook" and "Nanny" and the second maid and the gardener. But, for all their nimble wit, the authors give no sign of awareness that any other way of life is possible—that the English people as a whole are slaves to outmoded houses, that there is such a thing as electricity, or that public schools (in the American sense) need not be necessarily degrading.

They do not even seem to realize that industrial society is quite capable of producing far more than it now does, enough to provide a reasonable degree of comfort for the entire community, even including the middle classes. Indeed, the ultimate fate of the English classes and the immediate consequences of the war for the whole British economy are strangely blurred. Granted that the middle classes are getting the worst of a bad time, is that fact a true augury of their eventual fate? "The English Middle Classes" is a very interesting book. But one comes to the end of it with the feeling that the question "What can he know of England who only England knows?" is also applicable to the middle classes.

Odyssey of the English Workers

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF BRITISH CAPITALISM. By Keith Hutchison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 300 pp. $3.50.

By WILLIAM H. STEVENSON

DAVID Lloyd George said to me in his study, when the 1929-31 Labor Government was tottering to its ignominious fall, "I miss the snarl of outraged property in this House of Commons." In this well-documented volume Mr. Hutchison ranges over seventy years of British political and industrial history and inclines a sensitive ear for the snarl. Beginning with the turbulent unemployed agitations of the Eighties and the days of the Socialist pioneers he moves on to the landmark of 1889, when the London dockers won an historic strike, to the formation of the Labor Representation Commission and the emergence of the Labor Party. Thence, step by step, he traces the long odyssey of the British workers, culminating in the Parliament of 1945 with its four-and-a-half years of breathless legislation ending in the partial eclipse of capitalism. Mr. Hutchison recognizes that his title, "The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism," is sweeping enough to invite challenge from diverse quarters. But it is undeniable that the doughty defenders of private enterprise have surrendered 25 per cent of their territory without any dogged fight or much snarling.

Between the two world wars British capitalism had little to snarl about. At the time of which Lloyd George spoke Ramsay MacDonald was content to let the sleeping dog lie. His main interest was in foreign affairs: he gibed at the welfare state as "eleemosynary Socialism." When as a result of the financial crisis of 1931 he formed a coalition of Tories and Liberals, he scared a large section of the electors into voting for savage cuts in unemployment benefits and in the salaries of public servants. The method was simple. It consisted of flourishing a worthless million-mark note in the face of the public and implying that unless his drastic remedy was swallowed the pound sterling would sink to a similar level. So public servants voted for cuts in their own pay checks. "Better the evils ye know than the evils ye wot not of." Uncle Arthur Henderson (formerly Foreign Secretary) remarked, almost with tears in his voice, after his humiliating defeat at Burnley, "Why! Even the unemployed voted against me!"

After the general election of 1931 the Tories stood triumphant. Only

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Keith Hutchison—"a sensitive ear for the snarl."

fifty-six Labor M.P.'s survived in a House of more than 600. Labor achieved a certain come-back in 1935, but the Tories remained dominant. Almost half of them were company directors. Thirty-three who died between 1931 and 1938 left aggregate fortunes of more than £7,000,000 Even in their attenuated ranks of 202 after the 1945 election seventy-five had substantial interests in capitalist concerns.

The Tory employers, with some Liberals, were equally regnant in the industrial field. They had beaten the trade unionists in strike after futile strike. They notched their victory of Waterloo in 1926. Then the miners' stoppage flared into a national cease-work. Millions showed their sympathy by a superb gesture of comradeship with the down-trodden, sweated miners. They were beaten and so, ultimately, were the colliers. This outstanding episode in British trade-union history, and its punitive consequences, are adequately dealt with by Mr. Hutchison, but he omits an estimate of the magnetic personal influence of Arthur Cook, the miners' secretary, who began life as a boy preacher and ended it as an industrial Billy Sunday. With the organized workers prostrate, the industrial capitalists were thoroughly comfortable and had, again, no need to snarl.

Hitler's war changed all that. Concessions were granted to the employed under the imperative need of national unity. Deeper currents influenced the flow of events. Capitalists willy-nilly consented (as they had done to a lesser extent, during the Kaiser's war),

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to drastic controls. The free-market system, as Mr. Hutchison points out, was undermined; redistribution of incomes came through steeply-graduated, direct taxation; the social services waxed in strength and scope. This reviewer would like to mention another, by no means negligible, moral current. Even the most flinty-hearted employers felt that since the common people had saved the nation (and, incidentally, rich men's property) they deserved a new deal.

After the 1945 elections the Tories had their tails between their legs as a result of their mauling at the polls. There was little snarl or fight in them. Ownership of the Bank of England, the coal mines, the railways, electricity concerns passed into State control with scarcely a whimper of angry protest: shareholders, being adequately compensated, remained quiescent. On steel, however, so stiff a battle was waged that the Labor Government consented to postpone operation of nationalization until the fall of 1950.

Meantime, Tory policy had suffered a sea-change. In an acutely analytical chapter Mr. Hutchison shows how R. A. Butler and his progressive associates produced a new program which, after some hesitation, was finally blessed by Mr. Churchill. "In trimming their windows for the 1950 election," he observes, "the Tories had borrowed a great many ideas from their competitors across the street. There was a marked similarity between the two displays, especially since the Labor Store was not featuring nationalized industry quite as prominently as it had once done." This program and the new, formidable, lavishly-financed political machine created by Lord Woolton reduced Mr. Attlee's gargantuan majority to less than a baker's dozen. Does this mean the end or even a long-term check to nationalization in Britain? Mr. Hutchison, who knows England well through long residence and extensive research, helps in this scholarly book to provide the discerning reader with an answer.

World Notes

ROOSEVELT'S GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY, by Edward D. Guerrant. University of New Mexico Press. $3.50. This book records the history of what is perhaps our most sustained success in the field of international relations. It begins in 1933 with Sumner Welles helping to make and unmake Cuban presidents; it continues through the period when American oil companies in Mexico suffered the *sturm und drang* of expropriation at the hands of the Cardenas administration; it re-

(*Continued on page* 39)

Fiction. *This week a British writer brings England's past to life without the use of the familiar dependence on the clichés, bloodshed, and sex which are wearing out the patience of American readers. J. Delves-Broughton's "The Heart of the Queen" tells of Elizabeth and Essex and her gallery of historic characters teems with living people. Two other new English novels are worth the reader's attention: Charles Williams's "The Greater Trumps" and Robin Maugham's "Line on Ginger." The first is the last of a series of harrowing morality stories which run the gamut from black magic to murder. Mr. Maugham's novel plunges into the dismal life of an ex-soldier. Robert Wilder's "Wait for Tomorrow" is reportedly overweighted with sex, and in "Night Journey" Albert J. Guerard probes the psychology of fear in war.*

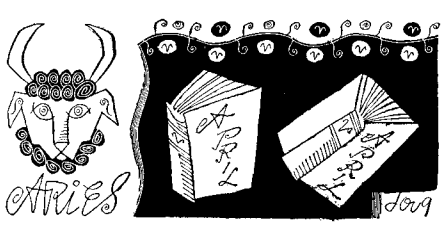
Old Thieving Acquaintance

LINE ON GINGER. By Robin Maugham. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 186 pp. $2.50.

BY NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE plot of this short novel, which is easily its most successful aspect, and Mr. Maugham's, too, is best gotten out of the way first. James Merton returns to his London flat one night to find a man in the act of stealing his silverware. More startling still, the thief is an old acquaintance, a fellow named Ginger Edwards, who had been in Merton's squadron during the war. Merton thinks back to those days—after letting Ginger go, of course—and tries to remember what he can of the man and of the others in the squadron: Cope, Wolf, Crawley, the rest. What has happened to Ginger Edwards to bring him to this pass? Where is the responsibility, where is the key to this miserable act? Merton decides then that he still retains some responsibility for the man and feels some guilt, too, at having so summarily dismissed him. More has to be done for Ginger than that. So Merton sets forth in a search for a line on Ginger, tracing him back through some of his haunts and checking with all of the men he can reach: Cope, Wolf, Crawley, Sommers. The story emerges bit by bit; it leads backward along a labyrinthine trail to some particularly revolting experiences in Ginger's youth and early manhood. Merton ends by taking Ginger under his wing, feeling he is his brother's keeper.

Now this is a fine working plot, and a great deal to get inside 186 small pages. Plotting, as I have said above, and in admiration, is the thing Mr. Maugham does best. He tells his tale with deceptive ease, he illumines it with meticulously chosen bits of dialogue. Everything contributes, everything builds toward the planned effect. There isn't a wasted word or moment and certainly there is no time for boredom. Yet I derived no pleasure from the tale, nor did I from "The Servant," Mr. Maugham's earlier novelette. In both, I was repelled by the writer's marked disinterest in his characters. I felt with growing certainty that Mr. Maugham has no intention of ever getting mixed up personally or emotionally with the people he writes about—rum fellows as he sees them. I believe he regards writing as a kind of fishing in the stream, pulling in his line and regarding his wet and wriggling capture with a certain temporary interest; but, after all, they are fish. If I may twist the title for my own purposes, it is actually Ginger on the line, and not really a line on him at all. Maugham doesn't look hard enough for that, doesn't want to. He doesn't care very much about Edwards. If anybody counts here it is Merton, the narrator, in whose intellectual history Ginger Edwards functions as a peculiarly titillating experience. Mr. Maugham is capable, inventive, and will undoubtedly go on to produce a great many tales of such fish out of the stream as the horrible servant and the desolate Edwards, but I am afraid we shall find Merton, Merton everywhere.



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Tarot Trouble

THE GREATER TRUMPS. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 268 *pp.* $3.

By RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THIS is the sixth novel by Charles Williams to be published in this country. The first was "The Place of the Lion," which has been out of print several years but will eventually, I hope, find its way back into print among the uniform volumes issued by Pellegrini & Cudahy. For Mr. Williams has not only been snatched up by the *cognoscenti* but has established himself firmly in the imaginations of a steadily growing audience of general readers in this country. This is only right, since what he has to say does not belong to any coterie. It concerns us all; that is, all who are troubled by humanity's fall from grace and have lost touch with Gospel morality.

I suppose the thing most marked about all of Charles Williams's novels is his wit. It accompanies his message that all is not lost while there is faith, running like a bright silver thread through the most harrowing of his morality tales. In his narratives about the continual struggles between the different states of good and evil not all of his characters are certain as to which side they belong. Some are weak and bewildered enough to need "guardians," those same guardians of destiny whom T. S. Eliot introduces in the midst of his moving play "The Cocktail Party." (Incidentally, after seeing as well as reading this play one can see why Mr. Eliot has been such a champion of Charles Williams all these years.) Mr. Eliot has very effectively transferred to the dramatic stage what Williams expressed in his thrillers until his death in 1945. And there is no more cloudiness to the mysticism in Eliot's conception than in Williams's.

There may be some critics who hesitate to read Williams because of the pattern or working formula of the novels. Perhaps they resemble each other in being variations on a single theme—that Christian love will triumph over all evils. Mr. Williams's chilling tales, which employ every frightening device imaginable to make us stay with him in his journeys into Heaven and Hell, require that a provisory clause be added, viz: we must keep untiring vigil over that love at all times. Dealing with archetypes like no other modern novelist of our times, Williams's archvillains and archheroes always have their just punishments and rewards meted out to them. As William Lindsay Gresham says in his illuminating preface, "hair-raising

Charles Williams—"Christian love will triumph over all evils."

plausibility" is the keynote to the appeal of these books. In "Many Mansions" he made the stone bearing the Tetragrammaton the center of controversy between a group of morally good, bad, and indifferent human beings. In "War in Heaven" murder as well as the far-reaching powers of black magic help to enliven the chase for the Holy Grail that has unexpectedly turned up in modern-day England. Therefore, it should not come as a surprise to find that "The Greater Trumps," named after the twenty-two cards in the tarot deck, provide the mysterious symbols around which the author has woven another exotic and breathlessly exciting story.

The curtain rises (the theatre could have benefited by Charles Williams's kind of dramatic technique had he gone on after his play "Cranmer") on a somewhat cantankerous but well-intentioned Englishman, Lothair Conings by, who has just inherited a pack of cards. Trouble begins when the deck is found out to be the original tarot pack. Skeptics, bystanders, and fanatics are soon drawn into a life-and-death struggle to find the secret of the cards. Here again we see what the supernatural powers, in this instance of the cards, do to a group of personable, intelligent men and women, who even talk, act, and think as we do on the surface, but who, in the presence of forces beyond their reach, have their true natures revealed to them. Some even find that murder is not too big a risk in their greed for powers beyond their control. Coningsby represents the skeptic, refusing to believe that the cards have any dangerous influence; Sybil, his sister, true to her name, has an intuition of their violent truth, but Nancy, his daughter, becomes involved in a perilous experiment along with her lover before the real meaning of the tarots is finally made known to them.

Elizabeth & Her Men

THE HEART OF A QUEEN. By J. Delves-Broughton. New York: Whittlesey House. 558 *pp.* $3.50.

VICTOR P. HASS

AS I CLOSED this excellent historical novel late one evening I turned to the radio for returns on the British national election. Still under the spell of Miss Delves-Broughton's vivid evocation of Elizabethan England, it occurred to me that perhaps there was a very real connection between the surprising showing of Mr. Churchill's Tories, with their link to Britain's past, and the increasing preoccupation of so many of Britain's novelists wtih the glories of that past.

Surely, I thought, a novel as good as this one about Elizabeth, Leicester, and Essex; Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher; Burghley, Walsingham, and Cecil might easily have had as profound an effect upon voting as the splendid thunderings of the great Churchill. "The Heart of a Queen" was widely read in England last year. So was many another historical novel which recalled the days when men dared magnificently as individuals—men who would have scoffed at trading that daring and that achievement for mere security from the cradle to the grave. Even I, whose ancestors rebelled against tubby Georgie, had had a quickening of the pulse as I lost myself in Miss Delves-Broughton's novel.

This, believe me, is no gaudy bare-bosom item complete with endless bed tumblings and the clash of swords wielded by puppets filled with sawdust. Rather, it is a scholarly, happily polished, exciting, richly incidented, and honestly portrayed picture of Elizabeth's reign, with particular emphasis on her love for Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and her rather dreadful infatuation, in her old age, for the handsome, arrogant, swaggering Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. The novel is not "literature," I suppose, but it is extraordinarily good reading just the same.

Miss Delves-Broughton picks up Elizabeth in those few tense weeks that it took Bloody Mary Tudor to die and make way for Anne Boleyn's daughter. Swiftly she paints in the political situation as sides were chosen and the contest for supreme power began. Then, maintaining a nice balance of politics and romance, she throws Elizabeth together with Dudley.

To any who have read history or some of the seemingly limitless number of novels about Elizabeth and Leicester, the story is familiar enough. There is the life-long struggle with

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Leicester to make him appreciate the difference between the "Virgin Crown," which was no fiction, and the "Virgin Queen," which was. There is the twenty-year torment with the plots of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the final, bitter decision that was to send Mary to the block. There is the day-by-day account of niggardly battling with her "faithful Commons" for money. There is the savage, nearly life-long balancing of power against power to hold off the threat of mighty Spain.

All of this is standard for any novel about Elizabeth's life but Miss Delves - Broughton's compassionate handling of the Queen and Leicester as two human beings in love is not. Here she is at her best. Elizabeth and Leicester grow and age as naturally as they breathed. There are stormy scenes and scenes of great tenderness and beauty. There is Leicester never quite resigning himself to possession of the woman while the door to power as her consort was barred to him. And, in old age, there is something fine and good about Miss Delves-Broughton's portrait of the once "Wicked Earl" now become a fattish, balding, and devoted mate who is unmoved by the ascendancy of Essex.

Miss Delves-Broughton is sound and she is leisurely in the telling of her story. Wisely, she refrains from taking you to sea to whip the Armada, preferring to relay it secondhand from Leicester (in command of the land troops) and others. She has a deft hand with lavish scenes, seemingly increasing their brilliance by the simplicity of the telling. On the debit side, she has an annoying affinity for exclamation points, never using one so long as she can bang out three, and she sometimes brings the reader up sharp by speaking of "those days" when she is referring to the present of her story.

But this is mere caviling. "The Heart of a Queen" needs no apologies.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

COMPOSERS: 1. Smetana. 2. Romberg. 3. Moussorgsky. 4. Bizet. 5. O. Straus. 6. Damrosch. 7. Gounod. 8. Beethoven. 9. Puccini. 10. Taylor. 11. Ponchielli. 12. Delibes. 13. Verdi. 14. Donizetti. 15. Pergolesi. 16. Massenet. 17. Mozart. 18. Bellini. 19. Debussy. 20. Wagner. 21. De Koven. 22. R. Strauss. 23. Kern. 24. Offenbach. 25. Rossini.

AUTHORS: 1. Sabina. 2. Donnelly. 3. Pushkin. 4. Merimée. 5. Shaw. 6. Rostand. 7. Goethe. 8. Bouilly. 9. Belasco. 10. Millay. 11. Hugo. 12. Loti. 13. Dumas. 14 Scott. 15. Federico. 16. Prévost. 17. Beaumarchais. 18. Romani. 19. Maeterlinck. 20. Bulwer-Lytton. 21. Smith. 22. Wilde. 23. Ferber. 24. Hoffmann. 25. Schiller.

Undeclared War in Eastern Europe

NIGHT JOURNEY. By Albert J. Guerard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 357 pp. $3.

By Henri M. Peyre

FOREIGN literatures have lately witnessed an invasion of the novel and the drama by professors. If a writer must have a second profession, at least until he reaches fame and affluence, teaching is probably less harmful than most. A highly conscious technique has become such an integral part of modern writing that it may prove an asset for an author to have spent years dissecting the method of Proust or Joyce.

Albert J. Guerard is the son of a French-born American stylist and critic of note. He himself teaches English literature at Harvard and was much impressed by his experiences in World War II, when he served in liaison with the French forces of the interior. Like most novelists of his generation, he has obviously pondered over Dostoievsky, Conrad, and Kafka.

But his latest novel, "Night Journey," is not bookish. It is not autobiographical. It is contrived with skill and unfolds like a mystery story. It is probably overlabored and too slow-moving in tempo. It is an anticipation of the next war, with some elements of a thriller, and a psychological study of fear and of the disintegration of an individual.

The scene is laid in some nondescript land of Eastern Europe. An undeclared war is being waged, with plentiful propaganda but also with dead and wounded, city blocks erased by mysterious flares, clouds of death desolating whole villages, bacteriological warfare spreading panic behind the enemy lines. An officer relates the long story which was told him piecemeal by a sergeant of his own army, now a prisoner charged with betrayal but having sought prison as a protection against his own haunting fear.

The sergeant, Philip Halden, was brought up as a boy in the country now occupied and fought over. His family was rich, his childhood soft. He was a student of old churches and stained-glass windows when he was thrown into the army by the menace of war. This knowledge of languages made him valuable in psychological warfare. He was assigned to work under a mysterious and imperious character, Montalva, a fanatic believer in war aims and in the liberation of the occupied countries, impatient of the laxity and vulgarity of the troops and of the ineptitude of the officers.

Halden, tormented with scruples and addicted to introspection, has little of "the native hue of resolution." He is fascinated by Montalva's determination. He is ordered to work with the resistance forces of a city just captured by his fellow soldiers. But he discovers that the plan is to evacuate the city after having lured the enemy into battle. The Socialists, whom he had persuaded to come out of hiding, will be sacrificed and the city, temporarily reoccupied by the enemy, will be shelled.

Montalva courageously remains behind and dies a hero's death stemming the enemy advance over a bridge so that civilians of the underground may escape and live. Halden is obsessed with remorse for having involuntarily betrayed his allies and deserted his chief. He hates Montalva and his cool, inhuman devotion to a cause, yet he envies him and searches obstinately after him. In the process he deserts and chooses to share the sufferings and the humiliation of the civilians. He loves a couple of poor women, finding maternal understanding in them. But he lacks the fiber to be a leader. He is always trying to escape from himself and to recover an irretrievably lost innocence.

Too little happens in "Night Journey"; what is worse, one seldom feels much anguish for the fate of the characters. Montalva remains a conventional figure who fills everyone but the reader with mysterious awe. Halden is more complex. But he errs to and fro, takes pity upon himself, and is not endowed with humor. His Socialist friends of the resistance are talkative, ineffectual, and unconvincing. The latent conflict between the militarists and the idealists with war aims is never fully brought into the open. Some confusion invades and baffles the reader.

The technique and the style contribute to one's sense of disappointment. The garrulous confession of Halden is often tedious. The occasional comments of the officer who patiently listens to his tale are out of place. The style is easy and flowing, but at times too literary and lush. Few scenes stand out vividly and an excessively uniform light suffuses everything.

The earlier novels of Albert J. Guerard, especially "Maquisard," had more lightness of touch and tenderness. "Night Journey" is a creditable achievement but not one of the great books inspired thus far by World War II.

Henri M. Peyre is professor of French at Yale University. He is the author of "Writers and Their Critics" and other volumes.

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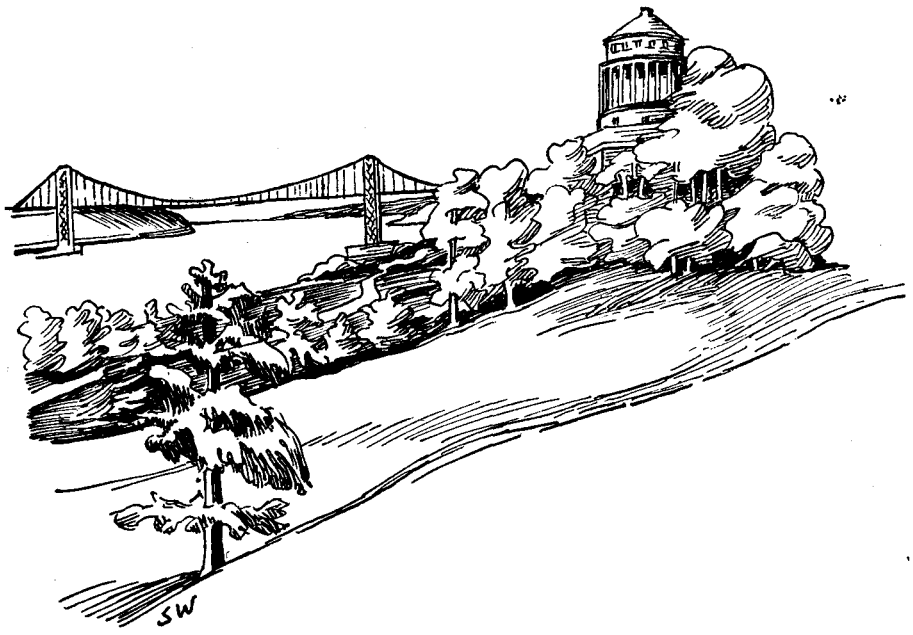

Press Agent for a King

WAIT FOR TOMORROW. By Robert Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 408 *pp.* $3.50.

By W. R. Burnett

ROBERT WILDER is a far from negligible writer and maybe that is why, at least in "Wait for Tomorrow," I find him very puzzling and even at times irritating.

He has many virtues. Creating atmosphere, almost a lost art in American fiction—and an art disdained for a reason which escapes me—is one of them. In "Wait for Tomorrow" Mr. Wilder practises it with easy assurance: New York comes physically alive in his pages, as does remote and exotic Mexico City later. Mr. Wilder does not say, as most writers do, in effect: now we are in New York or Mexico City, let's forget it and get on with the story. The reader has the sensation that he actually is in New York or Mexico City.

Unfortunately, Mr. Wilder becomes so absorbed in creating atmosphere that he seldom gets on with his story at all; it runs to more than 400 pages, but actually it is a very simple one. An American newspaperman is persuaded to go to Mexico City to act as a press agent for a childish exiled king who cannot get a visa from the State Department and is, with his unsavory entourage, dying on the vine. The newspaperman, no lily himself by any means—a heel by his own admission and a brute with women—is revolted by the king and his minions, exhibiting, at least to me, a somewhat startling simplicity of mind in view of his own New York existence, and in the end he turns against the king, who is paying him well for doing practically nothing, and pulls a fast one on him.

There can be no artistic objection to a study of spiritual confusion and moral chaos as such; but in order for it to have any significance at all, beyond the opportunity it gives for the telling of a string of ugly, squalid, and almost unrelated episodes, the writer must observe the confusion and chaos from some settled viewpoint. But the whole large panorama of "Wait for Tomorrow" is seen through the eyes of the above-mentioned newspaperman, and he is as completely mixed up spiritually as all the other characters, more so if anything. He blows hot and cold. First he's on one side, then another. And this is not the result of impartiality but apparently of bewilderment. The book says, in effect: There it is! A lousy, nihilistic mess. So what?

Mr. Wilder excels at describing the perturbations of sex and there is enough sex in this book for ten ordinary stories. It ranges from the hackneyed and soulless promiscuity of the average American novel, through rape and homosexuality, to various sadistic manifestations, including flagellation—culminating at long last in murder, and a very odd murder, at that.

If sex is your cup of tea, then "Wait for Tomorrow" is the best buy I know of.

A Christ in Khaki

THE OBJECTOR. By Jeb Stuart. New York: Doubleday & Co. 282 *pp.* $3.

By Siegfried Mandel

A SELF-MADE conscientious objector to war is an impractical person who practises what the practical world only preaches. He is hounded because he reaches moral conclusions by dint of his reason, while most of the world reaches immoral conclusions by dint of faith. Paradoxically, we award peace prizes to generals and booby prizes to conscientious peace-seekers. In all, the objector who has come honestly by his abhorrence for war has an extremely difficult time because people take his literal offer to turn his cheek quite literally. "The Objector" ventures into the unexplored literary territory of this important subject.

Daniel Heath, the objector, is sent, according to best Army tradition, to the wrong outfit. Obviously the artillery is the last place for a conscientious objector, and Private Heath wastes no time getting into trouble by refusing to accept a Government-issued rifle. Thereafter follow, in neat sequence, a conference in vaudeville style with the brass at which Heath's aberration is found to be bona fide, Heath's intensive military training as latrine orderly, persecution by a major of the medical outfit to which Heath is finally assigned, a love affair with the major's civilian secretary, Heath's overseas send-off by the green-eyed major, and the finale overseas in Europe, where the untrained Heath is shot and the war rolls on over his dead body.

Heath's domineering, war-happy, World-War-I-reminiscing father had made his son's life miserable and so prepared him for his objector's role. In objecting to war Heath is also rebelling against his father. Yielding to the fear that readers may consider the objector queer, the author graphically assures us that Private Heath is a potent male, as capable of love affairs as his non-objecting neighbors. Assured that potency has nothing to do with conscience, the reader watches Heath, a Christ in khaki, scattering compassion and sympathy wherever he goes. By being what he is Heath generally arouses kindness in the enlisted man but encounters hatred in officers, the majority of whom are an unlovely assortment of rascals.

In his first novel Mr. Stuart does not idealize facts. He calmly points out that war coarsens rather than ennobles people, that people get killed in all sorts of horrible ways. But all

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Destruction of Art for Art's Sake

WHEN Congress several months ago abolished the Bollingen-Library of Congress Awards, as the direct result of public outrage over the award in poetry to Ezra Pound, voices were raised against *The Saturday Review*. We were charged with primary responsibility for the drastic action by Congress.

The Annual Report of the Librarian of Congress, however, throws fresh light on this matter of primary responsibility. In a forthright and courageous statement, Luther Evans explains the background and inner history of the award. There can be no doubt from this report that the Fellows were emphatically informed of the "probable consequences" of giving the prize to Pound. The Report says that the Fellows were warned in advance that "Congress, inevitably, would intervene." They were warned in advance of the damage that would be done to the Library of Congress itself, which "had given them corporate entity." They were warned in advance that the "public conscience would be outraged." They were warned in advance that international relations, particularly with Italy (where America was working to disinfect the country thoroughly of Fascism, for which Ezra Pound had been a leading paid propagandist), would be "embarrassed." They were warned in advance that the "progress of poetry would be arrested for a generation."

In view of the foregoing, the decision of the majority of the Fellows to plunge ahead with their honor to Pound can only be judged as monstrous irresponsibility. It is difficult to see how "art for art's sake"—the principle thrown up as a shield to ward off attacks on the award—is protected or advanced by actions that do severe damage to art itself. What, after all, is the purpose of poetry awards if not to advance the cause of poetry? And what is one to say when a group, with almost certain knowledge that a course of action may do serious damage to the station of poetry in America, persists in that action? Apart from all this, how can one account for the fact that the Fellows failed to appreciate the dazzling incongruity in making an award, bearing the name of the United States Government, to someone who dedicated himself openly to the defeat of American democracy and who avoided the consequences of that action only because he had been adjudged insane? How was it that they failed to comprehend the distinction between public and private auspices of an award? And why would they jeopardize all awards made by the Library by their incredible persistence? And how is it that the judges have yet to enter a serious defense of the prize-winning poetry itself?

Can it be said that the excellence of the poetry was the only consideration in making the award? Mr. Evans's report reveals that the Fellows did take another factor into account. "Prior to announcing their decision, they had, through inquiries, satisfied themselves that the award was unlikely to disturb Mr. Pound in his asylum or to alter his legal status in ways adverse to him." In sum, a double standard was in effect. The principle of art for art's sake would have been set aside if there were any serious possibility that Mr. Pound might have been harmed through the award. But the Fellows didn't hesitate to invoke the principle to justify a move that could do great harm to the Library of Congress and to the prestige of American poetry.

The most telling and effective essay of the 1940's was Archibald MacLeish's "The Irresponsibles." In that magnificently eloquent statement Mr. MacLeish destroyed the notion that the artist could separate himself from his times or from the issues that could determine the conditions under which art would have to exist.

"The men of intellectual duty," Mr. MacLeish wrote, "those who should have been responsible for action, have divided themselves into two castes, two cults—the scholars and the writers. Neither accepts responsibility for the common culture or for its defense. . . .

"A century ago the professions of the writer and the scholar were united in the single profession of the man of letters and the man of letters was responsible in everything that touched the mind. He was a man of wholeness of purpose, of singleness of intention—a single intellectual champion, admittedly responsible for the defense of the inherited tradition, avowedly partisan of its practice. . . . He was therefore and necessarily a man who admitted a responsibility for the survival and vitality of the common and accumulated experience of the mind, for this experience was to him the air he breathed, the perspective of his thinking. Learning to him was no plump pigeon carcass to be picked at for his private pleasure and his private fame but a profession practised for the common good. Writing was not an ornament, a jewel, but a means to ends, a weapon, the most powerful of weapons, a weapon to be used. Whatever threatened learning or the ends of learning challenged the man of letters. Whatever struck at truth or closed off question or defiled an art or violated decency of thinking struck at him. . . .

"The irresponsibility of the scholar is the irresponsibility of the scientist upon whose laboratory insulation he has patterned all his work. The scholar has made himself as indifferent to values, as careless of significance, as bored with meanings as the chemist. He is a refugee from consequences, an exile from the responsibilities of moral choice."

Mr. MacLeish, of course, was describing the Irresponsibles between the wars, but the principle he defines helps to put the principle of art for art's sake in proper perspective. That larger principle links cause with effect, action with consequence, responsibility with morality. To ignore or abuse or circumvent these is to set aside the vital conditions for the creative life of the mind.

The Saturday Review wishes to congratulate Mr. Evans on a forthright and courageous Report. But while we believe that the Report vindicates the

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basic position of *SRL* in the controversy, it is only fair to point out that we come in for sharp criticism on several points. Mr. Evans refers to a statement of some 10,000 words prepared by the Fellows to justify their position, implying some criticism of *SRL* for not reprinting it in our pages. We are sure Mr Evans may not have been informed that the statement was never submitted to *SRL* for publication here. It was received as a regular publication of the Library, as released to the press-at-large. At the time, we wired Mr. Evans, asking whether the Library would be willing to send our reply to the same outlets as had received the original release. Mr. Evans wired back promptly and cordially, assuring us that the Library would accede to the request. Once we sat down to the task of a point-by-point rebuttal, however, we realized that something in the order of a full-length book would be required, and we let the matter drop. In any event, we are grateful to Mr. Evans for extending us the courtesy of reply.

Mr. Evans says, too, that the Library has received no corroborative evidence of the accusations leveled by Robert Hillyer and *The Saturday Review*. The specific accusations are not restated by Mr. Evans; but in an earlier section of Mr. Evans's report, there is a reference to the effect that "Mr. Hillyer construed the award as evidence that the Fellows shared Pound's anti-American principles." If these are the accusations Mr. Evans has in mind, we are glad to emphasize once again that it would be ridiculous to argue from the awards that the Fellows, individually or collectively, are Fascists or totalitarians or anything of the sort. We believe that they were grossly irresponsible, in their capacity as representatives of the U. S. Library of Congress, in giving recognition to Pound's anti-democratic and anti-cultural ideas—ideas which are reflected in spattered form in the prize-winning poem itself.

For many of the Fellows as individuals, we have nothing but the highest respect. Now that they have been disassociated from a Government agency and are reconstituted as a private group, they have complete freedom to make their selections according to their dictates. In this connection, we applaud their first choice—the choice of Wallace Stevens as recipient of the Bollingen Prize in poetry for 1949. Mr. Stevens is a poet of perception and distinction. He believes in communication; his work is effective precisely because he believes in using words as conveyors of ideas and images.

—N. C., H. S.

Bookmarks

DELBERT CLARK'S "Again the Goose Step," a gloomy picture of postwar Germany, is a level-headed and thoughtful book, with a remarkably high quota of humor considering the reasoned pessimism of its outlook. One of the non-funny incidents Mr. Clark narrates concerns his attendance at "The Day of the Book" ceremonies at the University of Berlin in 1947. The names of German authors who had died in the war interval, some in concentration camps, some in exile, were later inscribed on memorial plaques on the walls of Charlottenburg Castle. As Mr. Clark was reading them an unidentified German author spoke to him. "You know, of course," said the German, "that all these plaques will come down the moment the Occupation forces leave the country."

* * *

In John Brooks's "The Big Wheel," which, at the moment of going to press, was the most recent novel to be cast in the office of a weekly newsmagazine, the narrator goes out to eat a solitary lunch and reports: "I always sat at a small table near one corner, and at the other side of the table there always sat, also alone, a man whom I recognized as a passé novelist." What *is* a passé novelist? One who is no longer read? Or one who no longer writes? Or one who keeps on writing, but always about day before yesterday? Or one whom only an up-and-coming young novelist can identify on sight? Or one who has outlived fame, honor, reputation? But not, in this instance, royalties. He can still buy himself a meal.

* * *

Time spent in research is never lost. George R. Stewart's "Earth Abides," the best last-man story we have ever read, clearly owes much of its authenticity to the work which Mr. Stewart put in in constructing the background for "Storm," "Man: An Autobiography," and "Fire."

* * *

If one may believe *Punch*, and we do, the British equivalent for "homework" for school pupils is "evening prep." —J. T. W.

Even Good News Is News

▸ The atom-smashing cyclotron of the University of California at Berkeley has been used successfully in treating rat cancer.

▸ The National Broadcasting Company has initiated a coast-to-coast series of six documentary radio programs highlighting current activities of the United Nations.

▸ A cash gift from the Jewish Community Council has enabled the Young Women's Christian Association in Mount Vernon, N. Y., to continue its operations.

▸ Federal Housing Administration mortgage insurance will no longer be available on property governed by written covenants restricting ownership or occupancy on the basis of race, color, or creed, according to new Federal regulations.

▸ Under the UNESCO-CARE program books valued at more than $50,000 have been distributed to seventeen countries and territories. An additional $150,000 in recent contributions will be used for new book purchases. Eighty-five per cent of the requests received by UNESCO from participating nations have been for books printed in English. War-damaged libraries have been aided in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, Greece, Italy, the United Kingdom, Western Germany and Berlin, Japan, Korea, Malta, the Netherlands, Norway, the Philippines, Pakistan, and Thailand.

▸ The Joint Organization of Danish Dairies announced that as a result of systematic work over a period of several years tuberculosis in cattle has been eradicated in Denmark—the first country in the world which has been able to achieve this.

▸ A new French magazine, *Pantheon of the Living*, will award a 50,000-franc ($145) prize every three months for the "noblest deed" that has come to its attention. The first award was recently presented to Mme. Aissa Ichou, widow of an Algerian railroad worker who gave his life to prevent a train wreck.

▸ Some current fine films: "Cinderella," "Adam's Rib," "The Black Hand."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Joyceans to the Rescue

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *prints below a letter from Robert N. Kastor, related to the Joyce family by marriage, who takes issue with the article by Oliver St. John Gogarty "They Think They Know Joyce"* [SRL *Mar. 18*]. *In a forthcoming issue* SRL *will publish an article by Mary M. Colum, long-time friend of Joyce, also attacking Gogarty's stand.*

SIR: I am somewhat surprised that *The Saturday Review of Literature* should give such prominent space to the fulminations of a jealous man as it did in the article by Oliver St. John Gogarty. Dr. Gogarty, who has never forgiven his college friend for surpassing him in fame and for lampooning him as the well-known Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses," has been going up and down the land attacking James Joyce and his family in statements that the literary Doctor may some day find out are libelous.

In this article the Doctor vents his spleen not so much on Joyce but on the American audience that Joyce has developed in the years since his death. These unfortunates are, according to Dr. Gogarty, all ready for an insane asylum, or should have been put there long ago, and are, to quote from the author, "the victims of a gigantic hoax, of one of the most gigantic leg pulls in history."

The writer happens to be in a position to testify that Joyce at no time felt that he was pulling a hoax on the public, that he seriously believed in "Finnegans Wake" as a new approach to literature. In November of 1939, right after the publication of "Finnegans Wake" and during the period of the phoney war, I entertained James Joyce, his wife, Nora, and his son, Giorgio, at one of his favorite restaurants, Le Caburet, in Paris. Over a bottle of his beloved Swiss Neuchatel wine, he poured out his disappointment to me over the critical reception of his work of seventeen years, "Finnegans Wake." "Tell Huebsch," he said, referring to Ben Huebsch, the publisher of "Finnegans Wake," "when you get back to New York to get that book distributed among the colleges so that the alert young minds of America can use it as a textbook."

As one who had more than a little to do with the publication of "Ulysses" in this country in 1934, I am grateful that the interest in Joyce has grown with the years. Doubtless, without meaning to do so, his present group of detractors, headed by the bitter Dr. Gogarty, will only serve to stimulate that interest further.

ROBERT N. KASTOR.

Hillsdale, N. J.

SIR: It is rather sad to note that Joyce's "stately, plump Buck Mulligan," a charming and thoroughly likable character in spite of his more obvious shortcomings, has become the narrow and prejudiced Oliver St. John Gogarty of "They Think They Know Joyce." Joyce's objectivity is well exemplified by his characterization of Mulligan, who often emerges as a more human and pleasant creation than the solemn *alter ego*, Stephen Dedalus. Gogarty's embarrassing and unfortunate diatribe will do more harm to his own reputation than to the memory of James Joyce.

Surely much of Joyce's work is open to criticism, but to dismiss his contribution to modern literature as "a gigantic hoax" is to beg the question. If Joyce had little respect for the public, per se, he had the greatest respect for his own rigorous esthetic credo.

More than anything, the Gogarty article brings to mind the typical Irish attitude toward its artists. It is such superficial and irresponsible use of terms like "decadence," "degradation of human life," "obscene bulk of Gertrude Stein," etc., that have caused Ireland's literary geniuses to seek exile in less provincial nations while the mediocre talents (such as Gogarty) have been content to grow sterile and embittered, drunk on self-adulation, and irrevocably lost in the beery reverie of Irish nationalism.

JOSEPH B. SOMERSET.

Brookline, Mass.

SIR: Gruff, cynical, iconoclastic Buck Mulligan has had precisely the say that Joyce's faithful picture of him would lead one to expect.

DONALD J. MIDDLEMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: The article by Oliver St. John Gogarty reveals, it seems to me, little about Joyce but much about Gogarty. The fact that he knew him does not mean that he knows him.

ERNEST SCHEUER.

New York, N. Y.

In Gogarty's Corner

SIR: Thank God and Oliver St. John Gogarty! Perhaps I am sane after all. During forty years of wide reading in three or four languages one should develop some slight sensitivity to literature, some feeling for what is first rate and what is not. But you know the proverbial drop of water. When one critic after another claims to find significance and deathless beauty in stuff one can't even read one's confidence is undermined. I can now settle back happily and enjoy what is comprehensible without feeling illiterate.

DELLA S. HARVEY.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

SIR: A thousand thanks for the publication of Gogarty's merciless expose of Joyce's diabolical potpourri of obscenity, misanthropy, blasphemy, and ugliness. But how the Joycean dervishes who for years have been offering sweet incense at the shrine of "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" will howl and rage! Better keep the door to your storm cellar ready for emergency!

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

SIR: I quite agree with Dr. Gogarty's estimate of Joyce and of true art. But I am rather doubtful as to the Doctor's diagnosis. It is too pat to be convincing. Though I know nothing about Dublin and its "artists," I feel that Joyce worked rather hard if he wanted to perpetrate a mere hoax. He could have borrowed enough to do the trick with the ham and gain the admiration of all of Dublin. I suspect that Gogarty is pulling our legs as a true Dublin "artist."

HEINRICH MEYER.

Emmaus, Pa.

Portrait of the Painter

SIR: The appraisal of Winston Churchill by John Mason Brown [SEEING THINGS, *SRL* Mar. 4] is one of the finest, most complete, and

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'd like it let out around the waist—I seem to have picked up a little weight."

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searching analyses of the great Englishman that has ever been made in this country. An estimate and an article like that of Brown's is worth a year's subscription to the *SRL* any time.

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Colo.

SIR: Surely John Mason Brown's assumption of surprise over painter Churchill's choice of subject is merely a rhetorical device. A Churchill wooing the long light by Lake Como, a Wavell gathering other men's flowers, a Hideyoshi submitting to the tea ceremony on the eve of battle all illustrate a paradox that Cardinal Richelieu made shrewd use of when he separated the dreamers from the men of action by observing whether they were attracted to paintings of violence and strife or to scenes of pastoral tranquility.

LILLIAN S. RICE.

San Francisco, Calif.

"Disaster Through Air Power"

SIR: I have never before questioned a review or a reviewer and it is particularly difficult to do so in the case of your treatment of "Disaster Through Air Power" [*SRL* Feb. 18] because I appreciate your effort to deal with this controversial matter in complete fairness.

It is unfortunate that Bernard Brodie ignored the vast bulk of my argument in order to attack one detail, which, though important, is by no means all-inclusive. Had he not been stopped dead by a contention with which he could not agree without stultifying the basis of his own "absolute weapon" theory, he might have been able to present a much more rounded picture of what I tried to do.

In support of his brief for strategic bombing, Dr. Brodie adduces the Strategic Bombing Survey, which I also have used as one basis for my contention that bombing alone could not have been decisive in Europe. I have found it customary among advocates of all-out air power to brush away arguments based on the Survey with the observation that it can be used to prove almost anything. That observation is not too far from the truth, but its effectiveness is diminished by an understanding of the Survey's character.

When first I began to study these documents I was impressed by the parallel between them and the 1931 report of the Wickersham Commission appointed to study Prohibition. The *findings* of the Wickersham Commission made unmistakably clear the evils of Prohibition; its *conclusion* was that Prohibition was a fine thing and should be retained. In like manner, the findings of the Bombing Survey very often contradict its conclusions, not for political reasons as in the case of the Wickersham case, but because of the fierce tensions within the staff of the Survey itself, where the Navy-Air Force fight already was raging under cover.

Dr. Brodie cites conclusions, whereas I have cited findings. And in citing some of the Survey's conclusions, Dr. Brodie has overlooked my own concession to the effect upon German production of Allied bombing of transport facilities. On page 28, right in the middle of the arguments to which Dr. Brodie takes exception and immediately after a paragraph from which he quotes, he could have found this:

> What happened was that, over their violent protests, the Air Forces were required to divert some of their strategic bombers to assist tactical aircraft in bombing rail marshaling yards and other targets in support of the Normandy landing and development of the breakout. This bombing not only isolated the battlefield and crippled the transportation system upon which the movement of German reserves and logistical support of the defending army depended, but it, incidentally, made it impossible to bring together for assembly parts for munitions made in different factories . . .

The Survey (and I am not prepared to say which of its documents are "vapid" and which are not) makes it clear that the costly Ploesti raids were not effective and that measures to overcome damage to synthetic fuel plants were well under way when ground forces moved in and nullified them. On top of everything else, the Survey recognizes the fact that the extensive bombings late in the war were made possible by Allied control of the air, a factor which I insist current air-power doctrine rejects.

MARSHALL ANDREWS.

Arlington, Va.

SIR: Mr. Andrews reproaches me for having "ignored the vast bulk of [his] argument to attack one detail which, though important, is by no means all-inclusive." Am I speaking of a "detail" when I charge that Mr. Andrews has either completely misread or deliberately misinterpreted the basic results of our World War II experience in the bombing of Germany? I did not in fact overlook his "concession" concerning the effect upon German production of Allied bombing of transport facilities. That "concession," which he quotes in his letter, reflects the error or misrepresentation which I was censuring; and, incidentally, I am speaking here, as I did in my review, of *facts* or *findings* and not of contentions.

Mr. Andrews seems to be quite unaware even now of the fact that German transportation was elevated to a first priority *strategic* target system quite independently of its use "in support of the Normandy landing and development of the breakout." Really effective concentration upon that target system did not, in fact, get under way until September 1944, which was about the time the combined bomber forces were removed from General Eisenhower's command and restored to direct subordination to the Combined Chiefs of Staff. It should also be said that there were in fact no "violent protests," or even mild ones, over the use of the Air Forces to isolate the battlefield in preparation for the Normandy landing or to assist the ground forces whenever the latter had need for heavy bomber support. There was a difference of opinion among the leaders of the combined bomber forces early in 1944 as to whether transportation was a suitable strategic target for the Air Forces then existing or whether it was as good a target as certain others proposed (including oil production, which by the time the transportation offensive got well under way had already been pretty effectively disposed of as a first priority system). But these, too, were not "violent protests," and even the misgivings were largely dissipated by the time the attack on transportation reached its crescendo. It should be added that the German "measures to overcome damage to synthetic fuel plants," by which Mr. Andrews presumably means the Geilenberg underground and dispersal program, were nullified not by the ground forces moving in but by the overwhelming results of the attack on transportation. All Mr. Andrews has to do to confirm this latter point is to read the final reports of both the oil and the transportation divisions of the U. S. Strategic Bombing Survey, which he clearly had not done at the time he wrote his book and which he apparently still had not troubled to do before writing his letter of protest at my review.

Mr. Andrews unfortunately deceives himself when he says that in attacking one "detail" of his book I ignored the vast bulk of his argument. I thought it wise to use the very limited space allotted me fully to demonstrate to the reader's satisfaction the weakness of the book on a point which is absolutely essential to the validity of the author's entire argument. Various alternative techniques were available to me, but I had to dismiss them as less satisfactory methods of doing the review. However, since he and the editors of *The Saturday Review* give me an opportunity to make further comment now, I can say that the carelessness, errors, and distortion of fact which I exposed with respect to the author's most important single point are fairly representative of his writing throughout.

Mr. Andrews has written a book without bothering to do his homework first, that is, without bothering to acquaint himself with the minimum essential data readily available in his field. Those items he has read he has not read carefully, and he makes grave misstatements of fact which can be refuted entirely from the documents he cites. The reviewer's function is not fulfilled by his allowing himself to be tender with such work.

BERNARD BRODIE.

New Haven, Conn.

Persuasive Teaching

SIR: Louis J. Halle's eloquent essay on the "Raw Materials of Persuasion" [*SRL* Mar. 11] implies but leaves unsaid something that cannot be repeated too often: since the art of language must be taught, we must have a sufficient supply of good teachers. This needs to be shouted from the housetops, among which *SRL* commands somewhat better than average elevation.

JOSEPH JONES.

Austin, Texas.

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Science. *Science as we know it began in the Middle Ages as an offshoot of philosophy. As the twentieth century nears its midpoint it looks as if philosophy is becoming a by-product of science. No longer does the scientist feel that once he has collected and classified specimens or data his task is finished. In virtually every one of the new books reviewed here—and particularly in Anatol Rapoport's "Science and the Goals of Man," Marston Bates's "The Nature of Natural History," and George Gaylord Simpson's "The Meaning of Evolution"—the author raises and undertakes to answer such questions as: What is the significance of the work my colleagues and I are doing? What does it tell us of man and the universe? Yet although science is ascendant, there are naturally skeptics at large. Anthony Standen's "Science Is a Sacred Cow" (reviewed this week on page 29) is a curious if hardly convincing minority report.*

Our Attitude Toward All Questions

SCIENCE AND THE GOALS OF MAN: A Study in Semantic Orientation. By Anatol Rapoport. New York: Harper & Bros. 262 *pp.* $3.50.

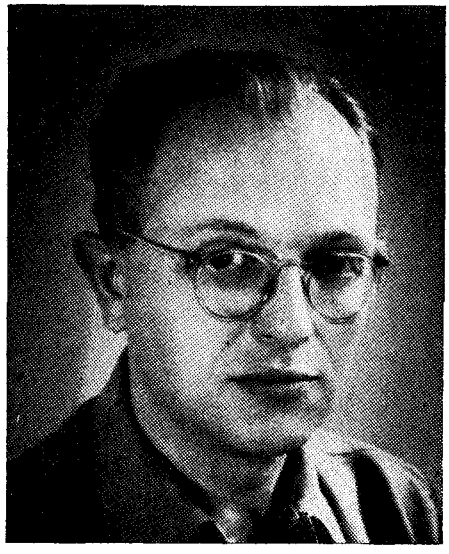
By PHILIPP FRANK

A GREAT many authors have blamed the decreasing resistance against the totalitarian threat on the predominance of scientific thinking and the decline of belief in spiritual forces. In public education they recommend a fight *against* "relativism" and *for* a "belief in absolutes." There has been a considerable group of scientists and educators who have felt that any belief in "absolutes," if actually established, would lead to a new type of totalitarianism. What the world needs, according to this group, is not a devaluation of scientific thought, but, quite to the contrary, a bold effort to bring to bear scientific thinking in every domain of human life; but we have to understand the spirit of twentieth-century science correctly.

The effect of such an understanding and of its application to all ways of life would produce what has been advocated and popularized under the name of "semantic orientation." This new orientation can be traced back to the greatest name in American scientific philosophy, C. S. Peirce (1878). According to him, the "meaning of a statement" is the observable effect which the belief in this statement has on human action. In the beginning of the twentieth century we find similar trends in American pragmatism, in Central European logical positivism, and in the "operationalism" of the American physicist P. W. Bridgman. Alfred Korzybski developed, along similar lines, a system of thinking which should have strong influence on our way of life. It found a large following under the name of "general semantics." This group is the intellectual home of the author of the present book.

Anatol Rapoport, although still a young man, has gone through many experiences in life. Born in revolutionary Russia, he attended the Academy of Music in Vienna and toured Europe and America as a concert pianist. He served as a captain in the U. S. Air Force in Alaska and later in India. Today he is associate professor of mathematical biophysics at the University of Chicago. Rapoport presents the thoughts which are common to all the aforementioned groups in a very readable way and without any sectarian predilection.

Every reader who has even a sprinkling of formal education can learn from this book what Korzybski called the "non-Aristotelian attitude" toward our world. We should abstain from raising questions of the type: "What is really democracy?" or "What are really the interests of society?" or even "What is really the will of God?" Such questions are regarded as not only senseless but harmful. They are raised frequently with the intention of frustrating any attempt at agreement.



Anatol Rapoport: "Are Semanticists Fascists?"

Our author writes: "Usually, if people who disagree wish to agree, they will say, 'Let us do so-and-so.' If such-and-such happens, then we shall say you are right, and if thus-and-so happens, then you are wrong." This is the typical attitude of scientists and this should be, according to the "semantic orientation," our attitude in all questions of human life. If we formulate a conflict between governments in this way, we prepare an agreement, but if we claim that one part believes in "materialism" and the other in "idealism," we block any agreement. For example, an advocate of the semantic orientation would object to formulating the issue between Communism and liberalism by asking whether the "interests of society are prior to those of the individuals or vice versa." He would ask instead who is entitled to stipulate what are the "interests of society." He would even object to a statement that the will of God is to be followed more than the will of man. He would inquire who is entitled to tell us what is the "will of God."

The author attempts, and often succeeds, in bringing very intricate questions within the reach of the common reader. Some chapters have attractive titles, such as: "How Evident Is Self-evident?" "Are Logical Positivists Idealists?" "Are Semanticists Fascists?" He attempts to prove that the Aristotelian (absolutist) outlook is bound to lead to wars and eternal conflicts, while the peace of the world can be founded solidly only upon scientific thinking and upon "semantical orientation." By this assertion a certain system of values is established, a predilection for such conditions among human beings under which science can flourish. "I hold," he says, "a hypothesis that fear and rage are not inherent invariants of human nature. Just as scurvy is due to a lack of vitamin C, so fear and rage are due to lack of proper insight." They are blocking the functions of the nervous system which make insight possible.

Philipp Frank, associate in physics and philosophy at Harvard, is author of "Between Physics and Philosophy," "Relativity—A Richer Truth," and "Modern Science and Its Philosophy."

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All of the Ologies

THE NATURE OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Marston Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 309 *pp.* $3.50.

By George Gaylord Simpson

WHEN another Bates, Henry Walter, wrote "The Naturalist on the River Amazons," he had no need to explain that a naturalist is a scientist or to define the science of natural history. Marston Bates, to whom South America has also been home, is likewise proudly a naturalist, and his fine technical study published last year was called "The Natural History of Mosquitoes," but he knows that these terms have fallen on evil days. The naturalist as scientist is now an ecologist, a population geneticist, an ornithologist, a parisitologist, a paleontologist, or some other esoteric sort of -ological specialist. Today the label of natural history usually designates the "oh my! attitude," the "disoriented, emotional attitude," of the nature lover, as Dr. Bates candidly and caustically says.

Yet there is a science of natural history, and for Dr. Bates it includes all studies of animals and plants at the level of the individual. This does not mean that the organisms are viewed only as isolated individuals; quite the contrary. Among the largest and most active branches of natural history today is the study of associations, societies, and other interrelationships among animals and plants. It is here that the importance of a recrudescent and modern science of natural history is most evident. The function of this broad science is to bring together again all the -ologies that have necessarily developed in natural history as the breadth and depth of special knowledge increased. Dr. Bates's main aim in this book is to convert the non-specialist from nature loving to nature *understanding*. Incidentally, he also has a contribution for the specialists, in defining a broader field for synthesis and giving an outline of a scientific natural history brought up to date.

The scope is large: how organisms are named and classified; something of their geological history; their reproduction, heredity, and development; their environments; communities, partnerships, and special associations such as parasitism; the behavior of individuals and of populations; the geographic distribution of populations; adaptation and the mechanism of evolution; the bearing of natural history on human economy. The extraordinarily complete treatment closes with chapters on "the natural history of naturalists" and on "tactics, strategy, and the goal" of this science. To cover so much in one book, retaining continuity and balance, requires consummate skill, and Dr. Bates has been equal to the task. His exposition, moreover, is simple, literate, and interesting.

The most vital contribution of the book may be a reorientation on problems of animal and human associations. Some of our predecessors stressed predation, parasitism, "the struggle for existence," or "the jungle law of tooth and claw."

> Actually [Dr. Bates writes], I think there has been an increasing tendency in biological writing to stress the cooperative rather than the competitive aspects of relations among various kinds of organisms. But this tendency has not been adequately reflected in the thinking of the social philosophers, who have tended to confine their biological explorations to the post-Darwinian, or Thomas Huxley, period. I don't think the social philosophers are entirely to be blamed for this. The biologists have failed to make their growing knowledge, their accumulating facts and concepts, easily available to the philosophers.

Will the social philosophers please take note of Dr. Bates's book and also of the growing literature to which it serves as an admirable introduction? The same invitation is cordially extended to Dr. Bates's fellow ecologists, along with the ethnologists, the psychologists, and the social scientists. They will receive a little wholesome deflation ("The students of human behavior, presumably, want to find words that have no connotations at all") and a good deal of wholesome inspiration ("Surely the genius of man is to find some social nexus in which the individual can maintain his sense of importance").

"All of my colleagues," says Bates, "will read this book (not for information, but to find what mistakes I have made—I do the same thing with their books) and none will agree with the emphasis or the point of view, and they will be volubly dismayed at the topics I have neglected." The invitation is too tempting to be altogether ignored. The author's pessimism is unjustified as regards emphasis and point of view, which seem well-nigh perfect except for the obvious fact that an author always lays a little too much stress on *his* subject and never quite enough on *yours*. It is, to be sure, a shame that natural history is defined so as to exclude geology (aside from paleontology, by biology out of geology), and there are a few mistakes, occasionally astonishing but never essentially misleading. On the whole, however, Dr. Bates may be gently chided on only one point and corrected on one other.

—*Glidden.*

Marston Bates—"from nature loving to nature understanding."

The chiding: Dr. Bates speaks of museum naturalists with respect and appreciation, but he makes them out a grubby lot of obscure and underpaid cataloguers. There are all kinds of museums and all kinds of curators. None is overpaid, surely, or overcelebrated, and many of them do spend much time on the important task of classifying specimens. But let not the budding young naturalist resolve never to enter a museum! In many such institutions pay and recognition are equal to those in universities or in government service. Curatorial activities are, moreover, far more diverse than might be supposed. Several of Dr. Bates's chapters in addition to those on naming and cataloguing owe most of their substance to the work of museums in field or laboratory.

The correction: Dr. Bates says that the scientists of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, in order to smoke must "spend intervals on the museum steps all day long, even in the worst Massachusetts weather." For some years now, the venerable M.C.Z. has boasted an indoor smoking room, conveniently near the office of the ebullient director.

Final verdict: An excellent book, recommended without reservation.

George Gaylord Simpson is chairman of the Department of Geology and Paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and author of "The Meaning of Evolution," reviewed on page 28.

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Scientist-Humanist

FRANCIS BACON. By Benjamin Farrington. New York: Henry Schuman. 202 *pp.* $3.50.

By Marshall Clagett

WITH Benjamin Farrington's "Francis Bacon," another central figure in the history of learning is added to Schuman's growing Life of Science Library. Francis Bacon has long been a controversial personality in the history of science. The judgment of the nineteenth-century historians that saw him as the unique initiator of modern scientific induction has been tempered by the results of more recent historical research. It has become apparent that inductive method had begun to be used on a modest scale in the high and late Middle Ages, that its development was a slow and evolutionary process initiated in certain areas of scientific investigation, like optics, from antiquity, and that it was being discussed in Padua toward the end of the Middle Ages by practising medics and scientists, self-conscious about the methods to be employed in science. Furthermore, recent logicians and scientists have more carefully evaluated Bacon's theory of induction and they have told us of the fundamental difficulties in Bacon's method of exclusion.

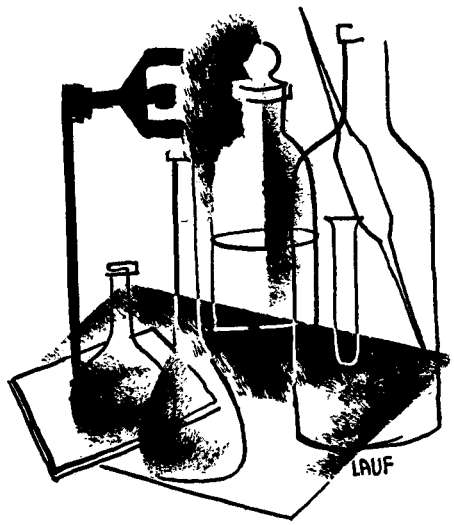
Now Farrington wishes to rehabilitate Francis Bacon further, to present him as the philosopher of industrial science, as the man who first clearly recognized that the objective of science is "the mastery over nature with a view to the improvement of human life." There emerges from Farrington's clear and lucid prose a picture that fits in with a historical-materialist view of the history of science. This will not surprise the reader of Farrington's previous volumes on Greek science. But whatever the merits of this view—they are not inconsiderable in recognizing the importance of social influences on intellectual development—it most often has the serious disadvantage of imposing on history a preconceived pattern, a pattern which is imposed without careful attention to the facts. I am afraid that Farrington is guilty of this kind of historical writing. It becomes most apparent when he cites approvingly Bacon's "power of historical analysis." This approval rests on Bacon's identification of theory and practice, which I hardly need remind the reader is the cornerstone of the Marxist view of science. Although Farrington does not go quite so far as Bacon in his condemnation of antique science and philosophy, he seems to agree entirely with his estimation of medieval science and scholasticism. Thus he presents a picture of medieval scholasticism originating in the monastery and coming to a fruitless conclusion in the universities, while outside the new science was being born from the ideas circulating among the lay public, "consisting principally of men with legal training and experience in public affairs." In actuality an extraordinary preliminary development in mechanics took place among the schoolmen at Oxford and Paris in the fourteenth century, a development that was to spread to Italy and influence the rise of mechanics three centuries later.

I am equally disturbed by the insufficient generalizations that abound. An example: "The obstacle to this new bourgeois England was the survival of feudalism; the philosophy of the upholders of feudalism was the Aristotelianism of the Schools." Though, to be fair to Farrington, it is difficult in this case to know whether he is simply citing Bacon's opinion or he is agreeing with that opinion.

Occasionally Farrington discusses with approval particular instances of Bacon's application of his own method, for example: Bacon's investigation of heat. But Farrington's treatment of Bacon's investigation is incomplete to the point of misrepresentation, since he presents Bacon's "lucky" conclusion that heat is a form of motion, without Bacon's attendant absurdities. Farrington is on safer ground when he admits that Bacon was not a practising scientist.

In brief, then, Farrington holds Bacon to be important not for what he added to specific scientific knowledge but for changing the basic objective of science. Growing out of Bacon's identification of knowledge and power, this objective requires that science must be investigated for and directed to the improvement of the lot of man. Farrington seems to believe that this changed point of view, this growth of a morality of science, was influential in the development of modern science. I submit that in fact this idea has been of only limited importance in the development of modern science and that the scientific activity of a Newton, a Rutherford, a Bohr, an Einstein, and the authors of literally thousands of articles in the scientific journals of the last 200 years has not been determined by a social objective, except in the remotest sense of the word "social." I can recommend the reading of Farrington's book for the lucidity of his exposition but I must advise the reader of the rigidity of its historical framework.

Marshall Clagett is associate professor in the history of science at the University of Wisconsin.



Man and Ancestors

THE MEANING OF EVOLUTION. By George Gaylord Simpson. New Haven: Yale University Press. 304 *pp.* $3.75.

By John Pfeiffer

PERHAPS the most difficult thing about popularizing science is to present the social and philosophical significance of the facts once you have described them. Unfortunately, this important problem hardly ever arises. Most books sidestep it deftly by concentrating entirely on the dramatization of new research findings and not bothering to struggle with broad interpretations. Another easy alternative is the "quick take-off," an unabashed soaring into elaborate pseudo-scientific speculations from the very first chapter, as if the reader—and the writer—were already thoroughly familiar with the experimental details. "The Meaning of Evolution," by Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, chairman of the Department of Geology and Paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History, is one of the rare books that achieve a balance between fact and interpretation.

Dr. Simpson traces the dramatic course of evolution which started two billion years ago in primeval waters, the first "organisms" being complex protein molecules that could take simpler compounds from the immediate environment and build them into new molecules—exact duplicates of themselves. From these reproducing units or protogenes evolved the million species that exist today. Man's ancestors were animals resembling the modern lemur of Madagascar which lived in trees, ultimately developed unusual manipulative and visual abilities, and gave rise to all higher primates. But they were quite unimpressive when they first appeared 60,000,000 years

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ago. The largest of these so-called prosimians were about the size of fox terriers; the smallest were no bigger than rats. Their brains were "not enough above the reptilian level to matter much." Intelligence and other distinctions came later.

After describing the facts in simple and readable terms the author proceeds to clear away a good deal of the philosophical rubbish which has been collecting ever since Darwin's day. Evolution is neither the expression of a great purpose culminating in man nor a completely random process. The oceans and inland waters of the distant past contained countless "passive" substances whose existence depended on sheer coincidences of temperature, pressure, and light. The first self-duplicating molecule probably formed by accident in such an environment. But it could adjust somewhat to changing conditions and play an active part in maintaining itself. Subsequent evolution has involved a similar interplay of chance and biological opportunism.

This process is characteristic of the old or organic evolution, which certainly did not have man as its ultimate goal. But plan and purpose have become of increasing importance with the emergence of human learning and societies. Dr. Simpson's most interesting chapters are those that deal with the new evolution and its implications: "Man, alone among all organisms, knows that he evolves and he alone is capable of directing his own evolution." He is particularly concerned with the fact that this new power implies tremendous responsibility—and that, since a good measure of the power comes from science, scientists must carry a heavy share of the responsibility. In other words, they must help create a new system of ethics.

The author bases his system on the facts of evolution, thereby linking it to scientific knowledge. This means that ethical truths cannot be absolute; knowledge increases continually and calls for periodical revision of our values. Here Dr. Simpson has trouble with the basic task of drawing conclusions that might reasonably be expected to change as we learn more. For example, he believes that "it is good . . . to recognize the integrity and dignity of the individual," and it is difficult to conceive that such a statement will be less valid at some future date. The main point, however, is that Dr. Simpson tackles such problems and also presents the scientific work out of which they arise. This stimulating book is an important contribution, both to the popularization of evolution and to the philosophy of science.

Down with Trial and Error!

SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW. By Anthony Standen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 221 pp. $2.75.

By E. DeGolyer

THIS disappointing book opens with a verbal cartoon of white-robed scientists looking up from work "to practise the art of infallibility." It concludes lamely, two hundred and twenty-one pages later: "We can and should laugh out loud at scientists . . . what are they doing . . . all crowding round and bowing low before a Sacred Cow." Our laughter is "to prevent their regulating us, or averaging us, or conditioning us to synthetic happiness." Presumably we are to snuggle down contentedly in the arms of church, state, and the humanities, where we have been since the dawn of recorded history. For "synthetic happiness" we can depend, as in years gone by, upon The Bottle.

—*From the book jacket.*

According to Mr. Standen "even an indifferent theologian is better than a modern scientist," and, with regard to the scientific method, "if scientists ever persuade politicians to advocate it, then we can say good-by to freedom."

The dust jacket tells us that the author is a chemist, but first of all a humanist, and attributes to him a style which "brilliantly reconciles readability with precision of thought." We are also told the author's intent: "One of the great sophistries of the world is the overextension of the scientific method into realms where it does not belong"; his aim is "to expose sophists." He "is not an angry critic but an urbane and cultured one" and "delicately punctures" certain assumptions which, presumably, should be punctured. We are all the more surprised, therefore, to find him so frequently depending upon the Oh, Yeah! technique to demolish the hand-picked quotations with which he supports some of his procession of straw men.

Mr. Standen's chief target is "that admirable old slog-horse the scientific method." Science, according to the author, and we have eagerly awaited his definition, is "knowledge arrived at by the Scientific Method." He has already ticked off the Method by including it with "other hidden mystical virtues."

Any serious definition of science gives it as truth or knowledge, systematized or classified. Sarton, after a lifetime spent in studying its history, defines it as "systematized positive knowledge." Even our petulant author admits "the aim of science is truth." As to the scientific method, waiving for the moment the fact that there is more than one, what is wrong with the example which he cites? Observation is essential, even when the result of "deliberately contrived experiment." Numerous observations and "the scientist goes into a huddle with himself" and arrives at a "sort of guess" as a suggested explanation. The explanation is tested by further experiment. If it fails it is rejected and, though the author doesn't say so, another is sought and tested. If the experiment is successful and checked by further tests, the explanation is promoted to be a "theory," etc., etc. Sounds like common sense to me and only an elaboration of the oldest and best testing method known to man: that of trial and error.

That scientists collectively are "mutual backslappers" possessed of "natural arrogance" and "dreadful cocksureness" and, above all, that they believe "that they have the Key to the Absolute," is an indictment which cannot be sustained. Scientists collectively, in my experience, are about like any other group of professional men, even humanists: good, bad, and indifferent, with geniuses few and far between. That they would be all the better collectively for a well-administered hiding now and then is a proposition to which I will subscribe. That they will profit from seeing their many foibles magnified into fantastic superstructures which, upon being torn down, reveal the hard core of about what they always knew was there, I doubt. I suspect that Mr. Standen could write a better book if he would reverse his thesis and plump for the extension of the scientific method into all fields of human endeavor since, to repeat his words, "the aim of science is truth."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 836)

RUSK:
LIFE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

French himself was not pleased with his memorable bust of Emerson. . . . He had found the face a remarkable combination of strength and delicacy, and difficult because of its extreme mobility—and consequent great variety of expression.

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Bells, Saliva & Dogs

PAVLOV. By B. P. Babkin, M.D. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 365 pp. $6.

By JOHN PFEIFFER

MOST Americans, including many scientists, remember Ivan Petrovich Pavlov as the man who discovered conditioned reflexes. His experiments on dogs have been widely publicized, with special emphasis on the technique of ringing a bell or flashing a light every time an experimental animal is fed. Finally the signal alone is enough to stimulate an anticipatory flow of saliva, and the dog is "conditioned." But there have been few efforts to explain the aims behind the experiments or indicate what made Pavlov one of the foremost teachers and investigators in the history of medical research.

This book is a major step in the right direction. Dr. Babkin, who is now doing research at the Montreal Neurological Institute, knew the famous scientist for more than three decades and spent ten years as his assistant in St. Petersburg. Moreover, he discusses Pavlov's scientific contributions and character with impartiality. Pavlov's studies at the Institute of Experimental Medicine included a series of papers on the gastric juices and other secretions involved in digestion, and his work provided the scientific basis for modern treatment of diseases of the stomach and intestinal tract. In 1904 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for research.

At that time Pavlov was fifty-four years old and had just begun experiments on conditioned reflexes that were to continue until his death. He was a contemporary of Freud but represented an entirely different approach to the problems of psychology. The psychoanalysts could not probe the central nervous system surgically. They were working from the outside,

on the mind, and translated what they saw and heard into terms like "Oedipus complex" and "phobia." Pavlov's subjects were dogs; he concentrated on the tissues of the brain, the nerve pathways that extended from lower centers to the overlying cerebral cortex, where the most advanced forms of mental activity are believed to be coordinated. After establishing conditioned reflexes, he attempted to abolish them by cutting various nerve fibers. He studied the brain from the biological point of view and, although some of his theories have been surpassed, more and more scientists are leaning toward this general approach.

Dr. Babkin shows that the Russian physiologist was a complex, contradictory personality—highly emotional and moody, but at the same time dispassionate in his steady pursuit of facts. One day the author himself had been running routine tests on a dog that whined continually. Pavlov was trying to concentrate on some problem in the next room, but the noise distracted him so much that he finally burst into the laboratory, struck the dog with a towel, and dashed out again. Five minutes later he returned and scolded Dr. Babkin bitterly: "Boris Petrovich, never, never beat a dog!" When his assistant pointed out that he never had, Pavlov replied in a subdued tone: "I know, I know, but this should never be done." He had many quarrels with co-workers but most of them were short-lived.

Pavlov dedicated himself completely to science He worked in the laboratory seven days a week throughout the academic year, and most of his time at home was spent in analyzing notes or describing experiments. In 1924, at the age of seventy-five, he started studying psychiatry and four days before his death in 1936 he spent a full day at the laboratory. Dr. Babkin's study describes Pavlov's relations with his admiring but none-too-happy wife, his attitude toward the Soviet Government, and the power and limitations of his teaching. This biography is the intimate story of an investigator who combined passion and objectivity in his search for truth.

Bird Watch

Mary Ballard Duryee

WHEN the night is white for me
I imagine your night—
In hedge and tree,
In grass—on the sleeping sea,
On the leafless height.
The eye—your bright day-sense—
Shuttered and drawn;
Small throat closed till cadenza
Summons the dawn.
And the secret night is sweet—
By land and sea
Your feathered patience
Shares the dark with me.

Weimar Poet-Plus

GOETHE AS A SCIENTIST. By Rudolph Magnus. New York: Henry Schuman. 259 pp. $3.50.

By VICTOR LANGE

IT IS NO exaggeration to say that Goethe's contribution to the history of science and the relationship of his scientific thinking to his poetic achievement are the two issues to which the discussions of last year's bicentennial returned again and again. Much of what was then said and written was partisan and did not always rest on a sufficient knowledge of Goethe's scientific resources, his intellectual bias, or his role within the sciences of his day, and we must regret that so sober and informative a treatment of the whole matter as Rudolph Magnus's classic study—it was first published in Germany in 1906—has only now become available in an excellent English translation. It reinforces the general but vaguely held notion that Goethe's scientific pursuits represent a significant part of his total work. But it marshals the evidence with so much thoroughness and presents it so satisfactorily in its biographical context as well as in all its systematic ramifications that it should henceforth serve as the authoritative guide to the subject.

The three main fields in which Goethe's scientific interests became concentrated are botany, osteology, and optics. In each he accumulated a mass of evidence from which he developed principles that were on the whole in conflict with those held by his contemporaries and that suggested lines of research from which subsequent science undoubtedly profited. As against Linnaeus, for instance, he insisted upon arranging the plant phenomena he sought to study in a continuous series and, in an attempt to explain the "metamorphosis" of plants, he developed, indeed founded, the morphological view of the formation and transformation of organisms. Not content with examining the question of organic form as such, he also inquired into the causes that brought these forms into being. External factors such as climate and location, he came to discover, must be related to internal, chemical stimuli and, instead of the then commonly accepted theory of preformation—of immutable structures—he postulated the law of the transformation of plant organs. Even more promising from Goethe's point of view was his general introduction to comparative anatomy, perhaps his most important work in the field of morphology. He had earlier offered the vertebral theory of the skull and in

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his essay on animal form had attempted to suggest a simple osteological "type" that might make it possible to reduce the inestimable variety of phenomena to an "archetypal" pattern. In botany and in anatomy he proceeded in much the same comparative manner: in both fields he thought he could observe what he called the law of the correlation of parts, of the budgetary give-and-take among the various organs of the plant or animal body. This aspect of Goethe's morphology, says Mr. Magnus rightly, is characteristic of his entire approach. It shows the poet forever reaching for tangible and perceptual rationales. He rejected any teleological notion: for him there was no place in scientific morphology for the "pious" endeavor to interpret organic life for the greater glory of God." Nor was he, as we now recognize, in any way concerned with an evolutionary thesis.

Mr. Magnus's work, now nearly half a century old, is informative and just in placing Goethe's scientific work in a fair perspective. Yet it tends, perhaps, to strengthen the impression that in spite of this or that inevitable correction, much of Goethe's science remains sound. That is, I fear, if not wrong, at least misleading. Most of Goethe's scientific work is in empirical detail primitive and easily disproved. It is true that he was no mere dabbler: we must admire his systematic discipline and above all the magnificent breadth of his philosophical impulse. But his stubborn dependence on sense observation—to him the only objective, to us a fantastically subjective mode of operation—is, of course, discredited, his distinction between a "type" and an "Urphaenomen" is insufficient, his "Urphaenomen" is hardly an elementary stage.

What remains for us to contemplate and possibly to admire is Goethe's view of the function of science and the scientist. In 1822 he wrote, "Science is much retarded by the fact that we seem often preoccupied with what is not worth knowing and with what is impossible to know." What is "worth knowing" was for Goethe the central question, and we who are again confronted by the inescapable alternative of self-destruction or self-preservation shall do well to recognize that Goethe demanded of the scientist a sense of moral responsibility that determined the scope and method of his investigation. The pursuit of science, he thought, must ultimately contribute to a broadly religious sense of reverence, and reverence seemed to him the cardinal virtue of man. If our own scientific thinking is not to become radically divorced from considerations of value, we must not disregard the example of Goethe's career as a scientist.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

the larger implications are left out. And they are left out because there really is no conflict within Heath, no thorough examination of himself or his environment, and no persuasive indications of how Heath came to be what he was. All he does is to advertise sincerity. While sincerity is in itself commendable, it noways makes for either a good or a bad novel.

Each episode in "The Objector" illustrates and nails down certain ideas, but on the whole the effect is that of flicker-flashes held together by editorial comments. Written in a somewhat colorless prose, these episodes are realistic enough, yet they dribble by unexploited and without expanding into any dimensions. As yet the conscientious objector has no stature in literature and Mr. Stuart's fictionalized attempt is not likely to change that situation a great deal.

Fiction Notes

THE GENTLE INFIDEL, by Lawrence Schoonover. Macmillan. $3. By the standards of the costume romance—that it be laid in a well-known historical period, that great persons move across its pages, that its hero help to shape and make events, that it have reasonable accuracy, and so on—Lawrence Schoonover's new and highly readable novel is an unqualified success. It is set at the time of the fall of Constantinople, and it has the added twist that it is told from the Turkish point of view. Great men such as Murad, Mahomed II, and Constantine, the last Paleologus, move across its pages, and there is a reasonable supply of lesser, but none the less actual, characters.

There are also two ladies—Aeshia, the Egyptian, who is sultry enough for any story, and Angelica, the Italian girl who returns from the hero's lost childhood and, of course, is the heroine of the tale. As to the hero, Michael da Montelupo, he lives up to all the specifications. The son of a Venetian merchant, he is tricked into the Janissaries, in which famous corps he becomes a great captain. It is his arrow that pierces the gauntlet of John Justiniani (Schoonover, page 268; Gibbon, volume VI, page 524), and this causes Constantinople to fall!

It would not be fair to Mr. Schoonover to tell you any more. After all, he has a book for you to read, and if you like historical novels you should read it. It has color, variety, and action. And it does not wear you out—as do so many of its kind—by hammering out overstressed comparisons with the present. It stands on its own merits, which are not little. What more could you ask?

—THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

THE CHARMED CIRCLE, by Peggy Lamson. Lippincott. $2.50. This novel has all the usual ingredients found in a saga of college life—the boy, the girl, the houseparty, the dance, the kindly professor. Mrs. Lamson has made snobbery the dominant theme of the book, exemplified in the struggles of a poor young man at a rich young man's college.

Jeff Wilson, the hero, spends the majority of "The Charmed Circle" being torn by one conflict after another. He dislikes and earnestly wishes to escape the unlovely, uninteresting background from which he has sprung and yet he bitterly resents the overbearing attitude prevailing at Clinton College. When Jeff falls in love with a fraternity brother's girl the stage is really set for struggle, turmoil, and conflict. To complicate the plot further, Jeff's mother cherishes social aspirations for Vicky, her daughter.

Now, Mrs. Lamson has handled this conglomeration of conflicts skilfully and with sympathy. Indeed, the best sections of "The Charmed Circle" are the ones dealing with the unresolved tensions between people and the varied manifestations of snobbery. Perhaps its weakest link lies in its characters. Jeff is so consistently the sensitive, tortured, belligerent young man and Carol the warm, sincere, candid young girl that the reader eventually gets rather tired of them.

—STEPHANIE BENÉT.

—Illustration for "The Gentle Infidel."

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BLUE PENCIL

(Continued from page 8)

come out because it resulted in blurring a very important effect. Literally, we sat here for an hour thereafter without saying a word, while Tom glowered and pondered and fidgeted in his chair. Then he said, 'Well, then will you take the responsibility?' And I said, 'I have simply got to take the responsibility. And what's more,' I said, 'I will be blamed, either way.' But he did it, and in the end he knew he was right."

As everyone knows, Wolfe ultimately left Scribner's and went to Harper. Perhaps, as Mr. Wheelock suggests, he was irked by the current rumor that he was unable to get his books into final form without Perkins's aid. Even so, the friendship of the two men proved enduring. No doubt, the perfect tribute to Perkins, and the best indication of what he could mean to those with whom he worked, is to be found in a very moving letter he received from Wolfe. It was the last he ever wrote. It was written shortly before his death, against doctor's orders, from the hospital where Wolfe had been struggling with pneumonia. It reads:

"I'm sneaking this against orders—but 'I've got a hunch'—and I wanted to write these words to you.

"I've made a long voyage and been to a strange country, and I've seen the dark man very close; and I don't think I was too much afraid of him, but so much of mortality still clings to me—I wanted most desperately to live and still do, and I thought about you all a 1,000 times, and wanted to see you all again, and there was the impossible anguish and regret of all the work I had not done, of all the work I had to do—and I know now I'm just a grain of dust, and I feel as if a great window has been opened on life I did not know about before—and if I come through this, I hope to God I am a better man, and in some strange way I can't explain I know I am a deeper and a wiser one—If I get on my feet and out of here, it will be months before I head back, but if I get on my feet, I'll come back.

"—Whatever happens—I had this 'hunch' and wanted to write you and tell you, no matter what happens or has happened, I shall always think of you and feel about you the way it was that 4th of July day 3 yrs. ago when you met me at the boat, and we went out on the cafe on the river and had a drink and later went on top of the tall building and all the strangeness and the glory and the power of life and of the city was below—Yours always, Tom."

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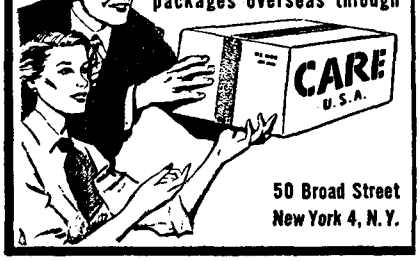

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NEW EDITIONS

IT SEEMS to me that "A Literary History of England" (Appleton-Century-Crofts), edited by Albert C. Baugh, realizes perfectly its intention of providing "a comprehensive history of the literature of England, an account that is at once scholarly and readable, capable of meeting the needs of mature students and of appealing to cultivated readers generally." The work consists of four volumes: "The Middle Ages" ($3.50), in which Kemp Malone deals with the Old English period, while Mr. Baugh covers Middle English; "The Renaissance" ($3.75), by Tucker Brooke, who limits himself to the years 1500-1660; "The Restoration and Eighteenth Century" ($3.75), by George Sherburn, and "The Nineteenth Century and After" ($4), by Samuel C. Chew.

The names of these professional authors are in themselves guarantees of safe conduct for the reader through vast tracts of literature, extending from the Anglo-Latin writings of the seventh century to the prose and poetry of Virginia Woolf, Rebecca West, Wystan Auden, and Stephen Spender. The authors prove on every page that they have drawn profitably on the stores of scholarship that have been so greatly enriched by the hard labor of many hands since the early years of the present century, when "The Cambridge History of English Literature" was in preparation, and their remarkably full footnotes are of immeasurable value to the studious reader. But the journey on which we are guided is not only safe, by standards of the latest learning; it is also enjoyable, thanks to the styles of the several writers. They have succeeded, too, in preserving a nice balance in their views of the forest and the trees. Judicious in generalization, they are also attentive to details: e.g., the correct pronunciation of Roger Ascham's name. They all have the gift of succinct, illuminating statement. Mr. Sherburn neatly brackets his subject when he describes "Hudibras" Butler as "an intellectual in the burlesque tradition." Mr. Brooke says nearly all that need be said about Traherne when he declares: "Thomas Traherne had the soul of a poet, but not the art."

The problem of proportion is, of course, always a difficult one in works of this kind and every reader is sure to have his own ideas as to the proper allocation of space. For example, some will doubt that Hawes's "nearly 6,000 lines of lame rime royal" are worth a page; others will think that the attention given Scott demonstrates pretty clearly that he deserves less, many will feel strongly that Ruskin's allowance should be cut, and a few, perhaps, will resent Norman Douglas's relegation to a note. But we must remember that it was the writers' business to provide history first and criticism second, and remember further that some authors retain their historical importance long after their literary worth has become questionable. Critical niggling apart, I do not see how this "Literary History of England" could have been more soundly planned or more satisfactorily composed.

D. S. MIRSKY'S "A History of Russian Literature" (Knopf, $5), edited by Francis J. Whitefield, with a postscript, is a rare combination of sound history and shrewd criticism. A sample of the latter may be found in Prince Mirsky's statement that Dostoievsky's "harmonies and his solutions are all on a lower or shallower level than his conflicts and his tragedies. To understand Dostoievsky is to accept his tragedies as irreducible and not to try to shirk them by the contrivances of his smaller self." And the pages in which the critic separates Chekhov's gold and dross are but a few of the many that make Mirsky's history glow with light. I know of no other volume in English on Russian literature that performs a comparable service for its readers.

Samuel Chew, in "A Literary History of England," notes a revival of interest in De Quincey, but concludes: "It is unlikely that any fluctuation will restore nine-tenths of his writings to remembrance, but there may be a new appreciation of the remaining tenth." There should be, and the enduring "tenth"—perhaps a little more—may be found in "Selected Writings of Thomas De Quincey" (Modern Library Giant, $2.45), originally edited by Philip Van Doren Stern for Random House.

W. D. H. Rouse's vigorous twentieth-century translation of "The Iliad" is a giant among Mentor Books (35¢); Pietro Donato's novel of violent social protest, "Christ in Concrete," has been reprinted by Lion Books (25¢); Steinbeck's slick semi-failure "The Wayward Bus" is now a Bantam (25¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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IDEAS ON FILM

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Films with a Purpose

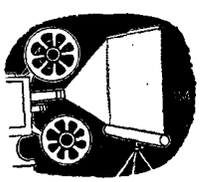
TRY TO please everyone and chances are that you won't please anyone very much. This is one of the lessons yet to be learned in the field of mass communications, and it is particularly valid for the documentary film. Dealing primarily with facts and points of view, the documentary film *must* have a purpose, a direction. It must say something special to some special audience. Too many film-makers and sponsors, however, are afraid of a direct approach. And too many audiences, as a result, are leaving the screening room asking themselves, "What on earth was that film about?"

It has been refreshing to watch the careers of films which started out with a selected purpose and subsequently found themselves successful on other levels as well. Many of the McGraw-Hill Text-Films, for example, have proved useful in high schools and in a variety of adult non-classroom situations, although they are specifically aimed at the college classroom for use with specific text books. Other dramatic-documentary films, like "Valley Town" and "And So They Live," have been highly recommended for use in adult discussion programs, although the producers were aiming primarily at another kind of use for them. Much of the success of the British and Canadian documentaries in this country is due to their straightforwardness.

Of recent "films with a purpose" few have had so dramatic a history as "Feeling All Right" (*SRL* April 2, 1949). Its purpose was to get facts and ideas about syphilis across to the Negro population of a portion of the Mississippi delta region. On the following page Hodding Carter tells of the concentrated and effective use to which this film was put. As he points out, "Feeling All Right" has stood one major test: it has met with the definite approval of the people for whom it was intended. It is important that the film has been received with strong emotions in other sections of the country and in other parts of the world. It is important that it has won awards at several international film festivals. But what is most important is that the people for whom the film was made recognize its inherent honesty and accept it for what it has to say. How many employees can say the same of the industrial and labor films they see?

Credit for the success of "Feeling All Right" goes to the producers at the Southern Educational Film Production Service in Athens, Georgia. Serving agencies of nine Southern states, the SEFPS is in a position to know its audiences and to find out what they need to know. Though only a year old, "Feeling All Right," which is SEFPS's outstanding production thus far, has a history to be proud of. John N. Popham, writing in *The New York Times*, estimates that the two-reel film, which cost only $30,000 to produce, has been seen by more than a million persons. General distribution has been taken over by the Columbia University Press's Communication Materials Center under Erik Barnouw, who has produced a number of outstanding nationwide radio shows on the subject of V.D.

"Feeling All Right" is being used in many states and cities outside the South, mainly for Negro audiences. There have been some disturbances about the film, too. For one thing, the New York State Board of Censors has refused to license it for public. (i.e. theatrical) showing. While we cannot support film, or any other, censorship, it does seem reasonable that such a film is not acceptable at this time. An appeal is being made, however, on the grounds that each request for the film is carefully considered by the Columbia University Press office.



There have been conscientious objections to showing the film to white or mixed audiences on the grounds that they may infer that only Negroes have syphilis, since only Negroes have syphilis in the film. Using the same kind of logic we might object to the dozens of other V.D. films concerned exclusively with non-Negroes. Nor can we support the cry that "Feeling All Right" furthers, or at least accepts, Jim Crow in the South. As a film it attempts only to deal realistically and sympathetically with things as they are. With obvious concern for all the problems contained in the situation, the producers have singled out one specific problem for dramatization. As it turned out, the film does honor both to the people who made it and the people about whom it was made.

This much is apparent: "Feeling All Right" is a fine film. It has some shortcomings, without doubt; but it has succeeded in the specific job it set out to do, and nothing can destroy that success. Moreover it can be shown successfully for any other purposes which are as honest and intelligent as its original one. It will fail in situations which, for one reason or another, are fraudulent. That is surely an enviable achievement for any film.

IN contrast we see how less direct and honest films backfire on their producers and sponsors. The three Harding College films, dealing with what is vaguely and somewhat unrealistically called "the American way of life," are good examples. One of them, "Make Mine Freedom" (see *SRL* May 7, 1949), was recently awarded second prize of $750 and a medal at the first annual Freedoms Foundation ceremonies at Valley Forge, presided over by General Dwight D. Eisenhower. But we have yet to hear *anyone* say of the film, "This film is important to me. It gave me a better understanding of the meaning of freedom." And it is interesting to learn, from someone who has made special inquiries, that the three films are being used extensively as an illustration of the kind of economic thinking prevalent in Europe a hundred or more years ago. To that extent, at least, the films have backfired. Like soapbox orators, throwing their words to the winds, they hope to reach the world at large, and they only briefly attract the accidental passers-by. Although it is always easier to make films which deal in vague and important-sounding generalities, the great number of people are seldom impressed by them.

The SEFPS and the Mississippi Board of Health, as well as the other organizations and individuals that took part in the planned production and use of "Feeling All Right," have shown how to make a film for a purpose. They have not presented things as they are not, but as they are. No matter how much we may wish to improve the world or this country or even the State of Mississippi, we must first see things as they actually exist. Purposeful films cannot do otherwise.

—CECILE STARR.

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—Willimetz-Film Center.

A happy ending to "Feeling All Right"—"there wasn't time for Lena Horne."

Anti-V. D. on the Delta

IN A STATE that ranks with the lowest in so many of the indices of civilization the Mississippi State Board of Health is a conspicuous example of the reverse. Headed by Dr. Felix Underwood, the department has won many citations for its outstanding public-health work. And one phase of this work has been its syphilis control program. In the spring of 1949 the department of health inaugurated a program which it was hoped would greatly step up the number of persons coming to treatment. In each of eight counties during the winter of 1948-49 some 5,000 persons were given Wasserman tests by Mobile Blood Testing units sent out from state headquarters at Jackson. Publicity as to where these units with their staff of doctors and nurses would be located was run in local newspapers, placed on radio programs, and advertised by posters and handbills. While these campaigns were considered successes, it was hoped that in Washington County, where the work was begun in March 1949 and where the population was greater than in any one of the eight, some 20,000 would volunteer for tests. While all other publicity methods previously tried would be used again, one new device would be used—a motion picture.

Mississippi is nearly half Negro. And this half is coincident, in great part, with the lower half, economically speaking, of the population. Further, due to educational disadvantages, many of these people do not recognize the danger inherent in syphilis. For this reason the syphilis rate among Mississippi Negroes is still one in ten, a good gain over the one in five of ten years ago, but still not good enough. Anything that would bring home to the Negroes, especially, the importance of getting the proper treatment would be attacking the problem among the group where the rate was highest. Such was the reasoning of Dr. A. L. Gray, director of Preventable Disease Control.

The upshot of this reasoning was the motion picture "Feeling All Right," made in Washington County, using Washington and Sunflower county Negro educators as actors in a script that was filmed against a background of the life the Southern Negro, and especially the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Negro, is most familiar with. The original script was prepared by Nicholas C. Read, then director of the Southern Education Film Production Service, with the aid of Dr. W. A. Mason, director of Health Education for Colored in the State of Georgia.

In Washington County, with its two-to-one Negro over white population, "Feeling All Right" was given its first showings. Negro educators and the Negro press, Dr. S. A. Pridgen, the county health doctor, the county's only daily, the *Delta Democrat-Times* at Greenville, the two local radio stations all spread the word. Handbills announced the sixty places the picture would be shown. From Palmetto School on the Pearson plantation to Mt. Zion Church at Darlove to the Casablanca Lounge at Greenville the showings were scheduled.

At first the film was offered with the added attraction of a Lena Horne boogie-woogie to bring in the audience. But when it began to play, people came in such crowds there had to be two and three showings a night, and there wasn't time for Lena Horne. The audience had come to see "Feeling All Right."

FOLLOWING each showing the representative of the Mobile Testing Unit would tell the audience where the unit would be in that neighborhood within the next thirty-six hours. As they walked out the audience talked about the picture, how good Eldred Marshall was in the lead and Blanche Parks as Irma. They also talked about themselves. There was nothing to be ashamed of. Having a test wouldn't even mean you thought you had the bad blood. It was just smart to know —like Roy in the picture.

And they saw for themselves what it was like to go to one of the state's rapid-treatment centers for venereal disease, where free cures are given in six days. To provide for the wage-earner's family during his hospitalization, the whole family is invited to come and enjoy the food and recreation at the centers during his stay. There is no stigma to syphilis, and they saw that the trip to the center is a pleasant vacation at state expense.

The upshot of the Washington County campaign was some 15,000 tests given at 138 stations, with more than 700 cases brought to treatment during the drive. The final figure of cases treated was 1,765.

Since those five weeks in March and April 1949 "Feeling All Right" has been shown to 1,531 audiences in Mississippi with a total attendance of 235,173. Of this total number of show-

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ings, there have been forty-two in public theatres throughout the state. The first of these was at the Bridges, Negro-owned theatre in Greenville, during the campaign. Approximately 90 per cent to 95 per cent of the total audiences have been colored. Wherever it has been shown to white audiences it has been received enthusiastically. But its primary purpose was to reach the Negro population.

Careful scientist and able administrator that he is, Dr. Underwood will not attribute all of the Washington County campaign's success to the motion picture, nor the success of the campaign in the subsequent counties where it was used. But he does say "Where the film has been used along with the special case-finding project, it has boosted the number of people volunteering for blood tests. Even though the results cannot be measured immediately, we feel that it has great educational value which will project itself many years hence."

But in appealing to a large number of people what could be more effective than a story filmed in terms of their own lives?

Hodding Carter, author of the recent "Southern Legacy" is the Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the Greenville (*Miss.*) Delta Democrat-Times.

Sugar Maple Day

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

THIS is indeed a sugar maple day.
The northwest wind goes shouting through the trees.
The clouds race by like ships on the wild seas
With sails all bellied out and drenched with spray.
But underneath the loam still hard as clay,
Beneath the crookt, gray fingers of the freeze,
The sap awakens, stirred to ecstasies
By lengthening afternoons that stretch away.
And now it rises up through the thick bole,
Sweet to the taste, to drip from channeled grooves
Into the wooden buckets swinging there,
Invigorate to the pulse, and stirring the soul
To canticle, since it no more behooves
Our hearts to shiver, the time being warm and fair.

The Film Forum

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The time hasn't yet come when we can study the difficulties of adulthood with the kind of concern we are now beginning to show toward infancy, childhood, and old age. But presumably before too long we shall recognize the adult's many and varying needs—for security and freedom, for recognition and guidance, for self-expression and social belonging. We have learned to say, almost without wincing, that "children are people," and perhaps soon we shall begin to realize that adults are people too.*

UNCONSCIOUS MOTIVATION

Prepared by Dr. Lester F. Beck. Distributed by Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York 19, N.Y. Sale price, $115. Rental, $7.50. (38 min.)

This film is a miniature experiment indicating the ways in which inner conflicts affect adult behavior and physical health. Planned and prepared by Lester F. Beck, professor of psychology at the University of Oregon, the film further illustrates how problems of human behavior can be explored on film. Dr. Beck previously prepared the film "Human Growth" (*SRL* April 2, 1949) and two new productions, "Hypnotic Behavior" and "Human Beginnings," have just been released.

The experiment shown in the film involves two subjects, Claire and Don, selected for their favorable responses to hypnosis. While in a trance, they are told a simple behavior problem, which is left unresolved. It involves an early childhood episode in which they found a coin purse, spent the money in it, and subsequently lied to their mother. This, Dr. Beck tells them, has bothered them ever since.

After they are awakened the changes in their personalities are shocking. Don, who before the hypnosis had been a carefree and cheerful young man complains that he feels terrible. His hands are sweaty, he says, and he notices that he is nervously rubbing them together. He feels that he has done something wrong, and he doesn't know what it is. Claire is so upset that she doesn't want to talk about it. She doesn't even want to think about it, and she turns her face from sight.

At a pre-arranged signal, Claire and Don tell each other about the dreams they had while still under the hypnosis. More readily than Claire, Don begins to piece together bits of the mystery that is bothering them. In an ink-blot test he identifies himself with a grotesque black figure in the center. With other psychological testing aids they are able to work their way through the distressing artificial neurosis which Dr. Beck had implanted. From time to time he asks them how they are feeling. Even without their own comments, it is evident that as they are able to get at the unknown misdemeanors their spirits and appearance improve.

Experiments of this sort are not new, but this is the first one recorded on film. "Unconscious Motivation" is presented exactly as it happened, unrehearsed and unedited. Because of these unique circumstances it cannot be criticized in film terms. Neither Don nor Claire had more than a general idea of what would take place, nor had they ever submitted to similar tests. The film was shot with two cameras working simultaneously, one showing Don and Claire from a side angle, another allowing for close-ups. Although Dr. Beck's voice was recorded as he spoke to them, he does not appear in the film.

What are the implications of "Unconscious Motivation"? To the nonprofessional it shows beyond reasonable doubt that unconscious fears manifest themselves in any of a great number of ways. Having two subjects in the experiment, the film clearly indicates that people react very differently when confronted with identical problems.

But it remains for a psychologist or psychiatrist to explain the film fully. It is rented only with the understanding that such a qualified person will be on hand to introduce the film, answer questions, and lead discussion. We can only hope that many specialists will be happy to participate in a showing of the film to parents, social workers, physicians, teachers, religious leaders, and other interested adults.

ROLE PLAYING IN HUMAN RELATIONS TRAINING

Produced and distributed by the Division of Adult Education Services of the National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Sale price $60. (25 min.)

This film has most of the defects of an amateur production, but people who are interested in adult group work will probably be willing to overlook them. By presenting enactments of such every-day problems such as how parents can keep teenage daughters at home on week nights and how a foreman stays on good terms with his men, the film shows some of the why's and how's of role-playing. Filmed at one of the informal summer sessions of the National Training Laboratory in Group Development at Bethel, Maine, it is the first to illustrate the values and techniques of this new device for getting at human relations problems in situations where words are not enough. —CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 13)

here. Mr. Vail goes behind the frequently musty, non-illuminating, and often forbidding title and gives a précis of what the work is all about, with an evaluation of its importance and accuracy. These early chroniclers overworked the adjective "true" in their titles, but they did not invariably carry it over into the text. If, as frequently happened, they had axes to grind, Mr. Vail exposes the edges. Many of the units he describes are of excessive rarity and these are painstakingly located; some titles indeed, are purely conjectural. "The Voice of the Old Frontier" is more than an essential and invaluable reference manual—it is a bibliographical landmark. And the compact descriptions are fascinating reading in their own right.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK: A History. 1847-1947, By S. Willis Rudy. City College Press. $6. All honor to the memory of Alexander Stewart Webb, who was president of CCNY when the blizzard of 1888 struck. A few hardy students managed to mush to Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, and President Webb authorized maximum marks for them for the three days school failed to keep. (President Webb, a brigadier general at twenty-seven, had won the Congressional Medal of Honor at Gettysburg.) CCNY was authorized in May 1847, when the New York State Legislature gave the city the right "to establish a Free Academy" if the people wanted it, and the people did—they voted for it overwhelmingly in a popular referendum in June, and CCNY became "the first municipal institution for free higher education to appear on this globe." The "Free Academy" became the College of the City of New York in 1866, and the academy's "funeral" was solemnized in a torchlight parade down Fifth Avenue. At midnight the new institution was "christened," and Richard Rogers Bowker (who later edited *The Publishers' Weekly*) broke a bottle of lager against the college building to celebrate the event.

Not until forty years later was the new uptown home, constructed of rock taken from the site, dedicated. Lewisohn Stadium, the college's most celebrated point of contact with the outside community, was dedicated in 1915 with a performance of "The Trojan Women," a non-musical. On June 16, 1917, "Aida" was presented, and the Stadium Concerts had ini-

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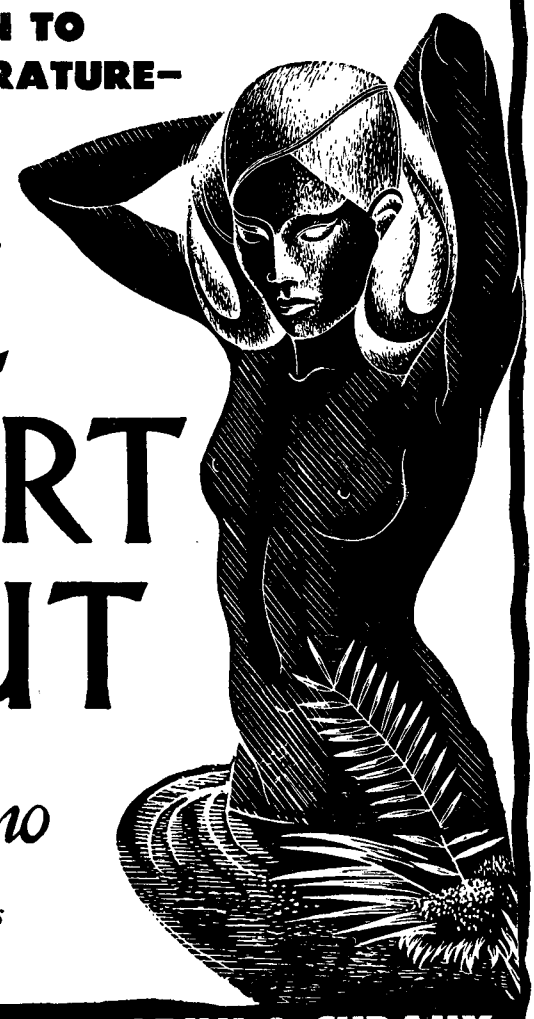

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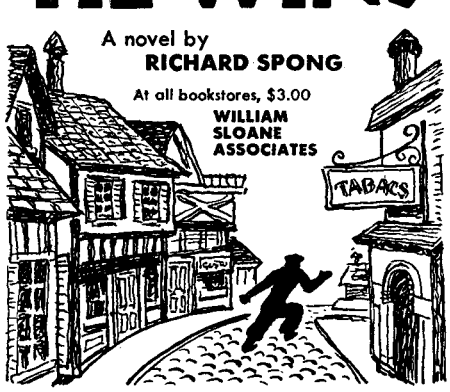
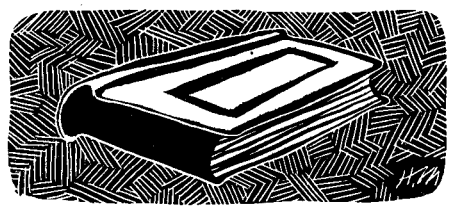


tiated their memorable and continuing career. In CCNY's century there have been "stresses and strains"—Mr. Rudy thus titles one chapter, and more of them are narrated in detail in other chapters—but she has weathered them all, and her 42,000 graduates have deserved well of their city and their country. Mr. Rudy's full, lucid, and interesting history, written as a dissertation for the doctorate at Columbia University (a neighboring institution), itself marks another notable milestone in CCNY's progress: it is the first publication of the City College Press, Inc.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1950. Yankee, Inc., Dublin, N. H. 25¢. This is the 158th issue of this perennial, and the first to contain halftone reproductions of photographs, if you like your almanacs that way. There will be two full moons in May. Mr. Colby, of Manchester, N. H., believes trained crows are the best control for squash bugs. The District of Columbia has the lowest speed limit in the United States—twenty-five miles an hour (Washington papers please copy.) A vinegar rub will unpucker hands. There is no closed season on catfish, sunfish, and crappies in New Jersey. Average date for first killing frost is October 5 in Duluth, November 14 in Macon. A man hired out for a year for $200 and a suit of clothes (the dope!); at the end of nine months he got $140 and the suit; what was the suit worth? (Ans.: See page 106, it says, but actually you have to see page 114.) Peri. is short for perigee but sometimes it is shorter for perihelion. Cigarettes were first taxed in 1864. The British evacuated Detroit September 28, 1813. President Truman will be sixty-six years old on May 8. A swan's egg will hatch in forty-two days, on an average. Brussels sprouts, lettuce, and parsnips can be harvested through December, but why bother? Christmas 1950 will be snowy.

STEAMBOATS ON THE WESTERN RIVERS, by Louis C. Hunter, with the assistance of Beatrice Jones Hunter. Harvard University Press. $10. Here are a third of a million words about every conceivable phase of steam navigation in the Mississippi basin from the beginning to the relic era—the 1920's and the 1930's. Here one can learn the hull measurements of the *Robert E. Lee* and what was served for supper on the *Telegraph No. 1.* Mr. Hunter's book is a unit in the Harvard Studies in Economic History, and he himself subtitles it "An Economic and Technological History," but that won't do at all. The economics and technology are here all right, down to the fare from Louisville to



New Orleans, down to the diameter of the biggest paddle wheel. But beyond and above such concerns is a magnificent human tapestry — the whole engrossing panorama of mid-America afloat. There are hundreds of footnotes, most of them fascinating little glosses on the text, spilled-over anecdotage. To stress the story angle of this comprehensive achievement is not to ignore its importance as sheer scholarship and its careful hewing to the line of the series in which it worthily appears. One other point: any future writer who attempts an historical novel involving a steamboat trip on the Ohio or the Mississippi without consulting this book should be delicensed. In itself, it is engrossing reading, no less than a definitive treatment of its subject.

UP AND DOWN CALIFORNIA IN 1860-1864: The Journal of William H. Brewer, edited by Francis P. Farquhar. University of California Press. $6.50. William H. Brewer, born and reared in New York State, was one of four youths who in 1852 received the degree of Ph.B. from the School of Applied Chemistry at Yale. They did not know it, but they became thereby the first class to be graduated from Sheffield Scientific School. Brewer taught at Washington (now Washington and Jefferson) College, and in 1860, because of a deep bereavement, welcomed an invitation to go to California to make a physical survey of the reasonably new state. He sent the home folks a serial-letter account of his adventures and findings, and as a result his journal is an agreeable and readable compound of accurate observation and informal personalia. Then Brewer went back to New Haven and became a professor at Sheffield Scientific School, where he remained from 1864 to 1903. He survived until 1910, in which year the University of California made him a doctor of laws—Yale and Wesleyan had already similarly honored him. His journal, too, has had an interesting history. It was first published by Yale University Press in 1930 in an edition of a thousand copies, which was immediately followed by another printing of the same size. The book quickly went out of print and has sold at a heavy premium at auction. The present reissue deservedly restores it to circulation.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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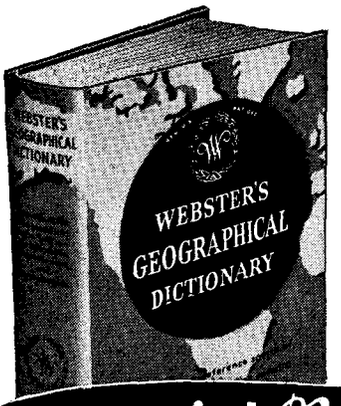
(*Continued from page 18*)

ports on innumerable hemispheric conferences, and it closes with the abrupt and as yet unexplained flip-flop of March 1945 that turned our Argentine policy from near-boycott to complete diplomatic recognition of Colonel Perón's regime. Yet there is something deceptive in calling this catalogue of events "Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy." He did, indeed, coin the name and show a perception in dealing with Latin America that had not been displayed by his immediate predecessors and, most certainly, in contrast to what had gone before, our conduct was on the whole in the better traditions of neighborliness. But most of the time Roosevelt as President was inevitably busy elsewhere; Latin American policy during his Administrations was, as the author amply demonstrates but never explicitly states, shaped and executed in the main without much reference to the White House by Hull, Welles, Stettinius, Rockefeller, and numerous lesser lights. A former political analyst in the State Department, Professor Guerrant tells the story not only with authority but compactly.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD, 1950, edited by Walter H. Mallory. Harper. $3.50. This, the twenty-third in an annual series published by the Council on Foreign Relations for the avowed purpose of keeping political analysts — both professional and amateur—straight and up to date on their facts, puts the standard almanacs to shame. Pick almost any country at random and you'll find, among other things, the latest population estimates; the chief of the national government, how he got there and how long local law permits him to stay; a breakdown of his cabinet; the organization of his parliament (if any) and its partisan division (also, if any). Recent political events are summarized, as are party programs. Apropos of the cold war, Communist strength in each nation is evaluated. And of particular interest to inveterate leafers-through-reference-books are sections on the press detailing circulation figures, political affiliations, and ownership of the world's principal newspapers and magazines. For example, Colonel J. J. Astor's *The Times* (London), which runs a daily 360,000 copies, is described as "Influential, independent; moderate Conservative; correspondence from all parties"; Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* (c. 3,985,336) rates a terse "Independent; Imperialist." —PETER R. LEVIN.



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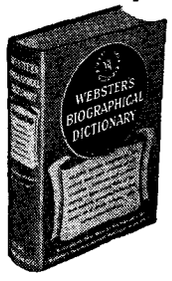

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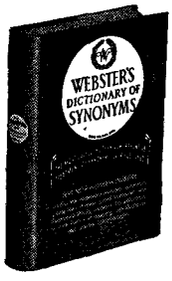

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NASSAU.

THIS starchy British Colony forty-five air minutes from Miami will drop the monocle from its discerning eye for the first time this summer and invite the common folk from the United States to come over and play. If things go according to plan you will be able to fly to Nassau from New York, spend two weeks on the island, and fly home again for a total tariff that will be less than $200. That kind of money, which you could squander in a few hours during the winter, will pay for your hotel room, meals, and round-trip air transportation when the social swallows come back to El Morocco. Besides being a mite less elegant in summer, Nassau is, of course, also a bit warmer. During the social season the temperature averages about 71, rising to 80 during the proletarian period. Eighty, to be sure, is cooler than the summer average in Brownsville, Texas; New Orleans, Louisiana; Savannah, Georgia, or, for that matter, Khartoum in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Any time of the year you are bound to find Nassau a colorful city sitting on New Providence Island, an atoll twenty-one miles long and seven miles wide. It has a crumbling hotel called Sloppy Joe's, which is next door to Dirty Dick's, a saloon named with equal suitability. You can get your clothes washed at I-Need-A Laundry, ride a bike down Home Trouble Avenue. Your perambulations could quite conceivably take you through Dog Flea, Choke Neck, or Choke 'Em alleys, three local byways. Although most of the hotels have their own beaches, you can swim on Paradise Beach, which happens to be inexplicably located on Hog Island, across Nassau Harbor.

Nassovians are fond of buying crawfish cooked in old gasoline drums on the docks. Some of them think gin and coconut water is the best drink concocted. The Negro police are decked out in white tunics, white helmets, and black trousers adorned with red stripes. Probably the most-pointed-out point of interest is Government House, where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor slept for four and a half years of a five-year sentence as Governor and First Lady of the Bahamas.

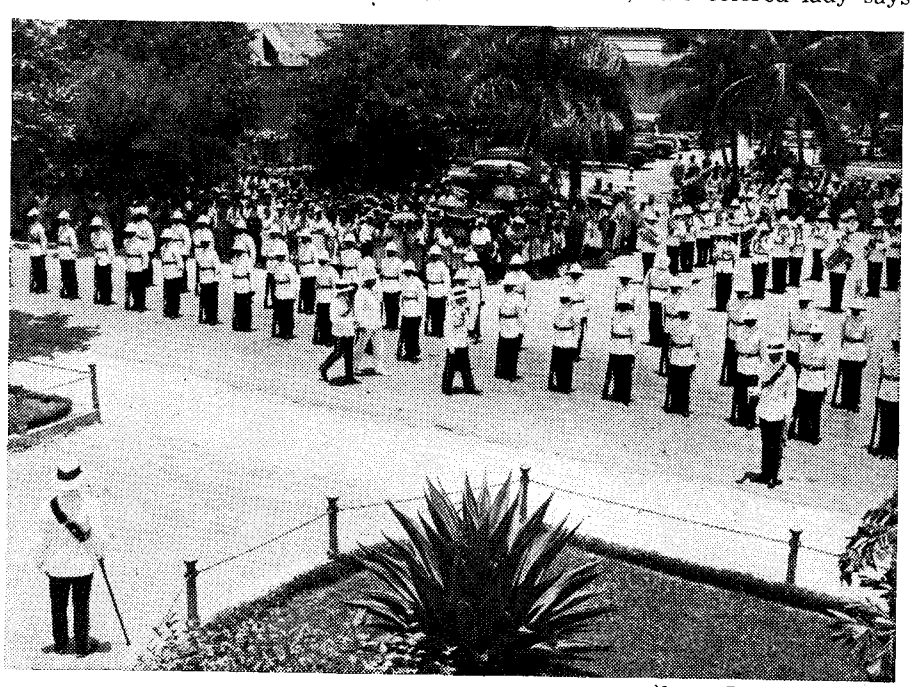
Much of Nassau's native Negro population is involved making and selling straw hats, bags, baskets, and slippers. As salesmen they are past masters in the art of lulling you pleasurably with mellifluous talk, strung with happy humor. "You gotta little Johnny at home, boss, I got some nice slippers?" No Johnny, we tell the lady. "Then maybe you gotta Susie at home, boss, I gotta nice handbag?" We regret we have no Susie either. "Boss," the colored lady says suddenly, "just what you waitin' on?"

Straw handbags, attractive on the outside, and rather ragged within, sell for about $1.25. Coconut straw hats with bright bands that cost a man $5 at home sell for $1.50 at the straw market. ("Hat look good on you, boss.") In the shops there is the usual British assortment of chinaware, scotch at $2.80 a fifth, tortoise-shell jewelry, and men's shirts and women's dirndl skirts in smart African prints. The cloth is printed in the States and cut in Nassau, a process that would go better if reversed. Sizes seem to run small and the location of buttons frequently has nothing in common with the position of the button holes. You'll find rich doeskin cloth on hand, and a number of tailors offer to make you a pair of trousers in an afternoon or an entire suit in three days for less than $60.

Almost any working day, which excludes Friday afternoon and all day Sunday, Nassau is alive with farmers driving underslung two-wheeler carts, guides driving surreys, and gray-cloaked colored nuns, who ride through the streets on bicycles. A Greek Orthodox priest with a masterful gray beard and frock to match also strolls the streets. He is the spiritual guide of the Greek colony, which found its way to Nassau years ago to work in the sponge beds. A plague ruined the sponges and Nassau turned to tourism.

The appearance of a cruise ship off the harbor will bring out the beggars who crouch in the doorways and sing, "Hep me, please, sir. Gimma penny?" There are also the shoe-shine boy who calls, "Boot-brown, boss?" and now and then the troubadours, who will serenade you on the spot with "Bahama Mama" or lyrics concerning the private life of the late-departed Duke and Duchess.

Of Nassau's two large hotels, the



—*Nassau Development Board.*

Reviewing the guard—"you gotta little Johnny at home, boss?"

How to Get There

MOST everyone travels to Nassau by air nowadays but if you *insist* on going by sea the *Nuevo Dominicano* makes fortnightly trips from Miami.

Pan American and British South American Airways maintain a regular forty-five-minute schedule from Miami. Trans-Canada flies non-stop from Toronto. Resort Airlines offers tours from New York by way of Butlin's Bahamas Vacation Village. The same line also operates a one-day excursion from Miami visiting Butlin's, Nassau, and Havana, and returning to Miami about midnight.

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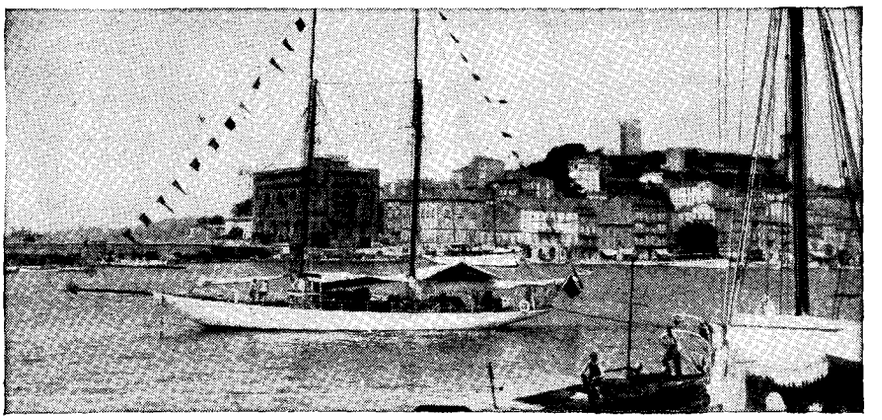
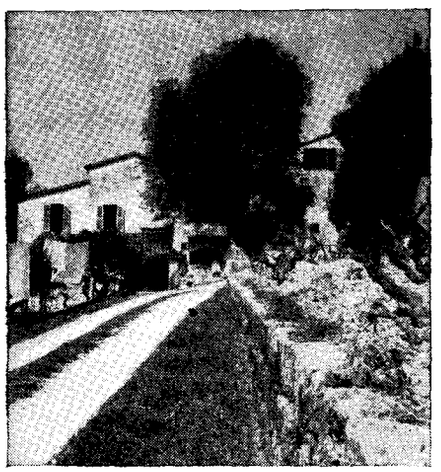
A PROVENCE BEAUTY

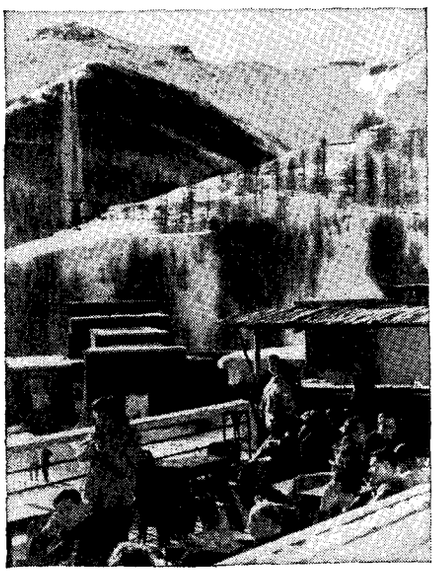


THE MEDITERRANEAN is Provence's southern boundary. Above, the yachts at Cannes.

Enjoy PROVENCE while you're in FRANCE



PROVENCE FARM: Van Gogh loved to paint the lush Provence countryside around Arles. A country rich in historical association.



ALPINE SKIING, an hour or so from the Mediterranean, lasts till April. Auron is a favourite of Americans. Above, the téléférique.

Stretching from Alps to Mediterranean, Here is the Heart of France
A Land of Beauty and Great Historic Interest

Sunny Provence is well-loved for its beauteous countryside, ancient towns; warmhearted folk. In the 6th century, B.C., the Greeks raised their temples at Nîmes. Later Romans built arenas, vast water developments, roads. In the 13th century, the Popes moved to Avignon whose bridge is immortalised in song. At Arles, Van Gogh painted the lovely Provence scene. Wherever you go history has been made over the centuries. The luscious Côte d'Azur, playground for all the world, is part of Provence. So are the Southern Alps with their winter sport. The people of Provence are hospitable. The inns are comfortable. The food in Provence is famous! And prices everywhere are moderate.

UP 4000 STEPS from Valleraugue is mile-high Mt. Aigoual's spectacular view, sweeping from Mt. Blanc to Mediterranean and the Pyrenees! Here each farmer raises mulberry trees for his silkworms. Benedictine monks built 12-century church. 55 miles from Nîmes.

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent.
For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. S3, Box 221, New York 10

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Fort Montagu Beach on the cool east end of the island will join the summer package tourist program. The crustier British Colonial, owned by Lady Oakes (where evening dress is "customary" every night and "obligatory" on Saturday), will simply close when the season is over. When it is open, during the regular winter season, the British Colonial offers fine tennis courts, an open-air pool at the edge of its broad gardens, and dancing every night in the bustling grill. A double room equipped with bath rents from $36 to $50 a day, food included. The Fort Montagu in season charges from $24 to $30 from December until the end of January, and jumps the rates about $8 per room per day from January through the end of March.

At Balmoral Club, five miles from town on the west end of the island, you can rent a room or hire a whole Georgian house and have it staffed. If you don't care about keeping house there is a handsome restaurant on the premises, which this year was charging handsome prices—$2 for breakfast, $4 for lunch, and $6 for a table d'hôte dinner. Twenty dollars would probably see you through a day and a night at Balmoral. The club has its own sand beach and its own deserted island, five minutes away by launch service. There are thatched-roof cabanas on the isle and almost every Sunday the management invades the wilderness to set up a buffet lunch for all hands. Balmoral will close towards the end of April this year to expand its facilities. It will reopen with an American-plan system before Christmas 1950 and thereafter it is expected to join Nassau's future summer package programs.

Just about every other hostelry in Nassau which might have come to your attention—the Royal Victoria, Prince George, Windsor, and Carlton House—are all to be part of this year's all-inclusive summer vacations. Should you come to Nassau on the European plan, you will definitely find a dearth of restaurants. Most any hotel dining room will be happy for your patronage, however, and in places like the patio of the Windsor you'll find such local exotica as iced sapodilla and paw-paw. A sapodilla looks like an oversized, green, expressionless plum, and tastes rather like mashed figs. Paw-paw is an itinerant papaya melon, which is often served with a coating of seeds. Charged with pepsin, the seeds are soft and healthful. Paw-paw is one of the few foods with its own antacid, aside from the hot dogs at Lindy's, which, according to ancient legend, are served with built-in bicarbonate of soda.

—Horace Sutton.

—*Freddie Maura.*

Nassau's Balmoral Club—"five minutes away, thatched-roof cabanas on a deserted isle."

TRAVELERS' TALES

A PILGRIM'S GUIDE TO ROME, by Harry Weedon. Prentice-Hall $2.75. Compact, concise directory of information specifically designed for those going to Rome this year as pilgrims. Its treatment is specifically ecclesiastical, a facet which is handled with apparent authority. The opening chapter has the usual data on how to get into and out of hotels, what to eat, how to get an audience, and how to use the Rome telephone directory. Vatican City, St. Peters, the seven major churches, and the catacombs occupy the rest of Mr. Weedon's time. For some reason he has included a random chapter on other places to see in Italy, including Padua, Assisi, and Pompeii, but omitting from all but the slightest reference such tourist hives as Florence, Venice, and the Genoese Riviera. Detailed diagrams help the pedestrian descriptions, especially one depicting the Statue of Liberty dwarfed within the dome of St. Peter's.

THE STEVENS' AMERICA, by Alden and Marion Stevens. Little, Brown. $5. At last someone has written an annotated guidebook to the United States with a light, pleasant touch. "The Stevens' America" is no doubt hardly as complete as "The American Guide," which came out last summer but, at any rate, the entries are easier to read than a dictionary. They even make topical references, for example, to such things as Georgia Coca-Cola, Bobby Jones, "Gone with the Wind," and "Tobacco Road" while also reporting that the state grows cotton, corn, tobacco, and peanuts. The authors have divided the entire country into twenty-eight "trans-America tours," covering each city as the road comes to it. The entries, it must be admitted, are a little thin, particularly when it comes to hotels and restaurants. And why the Stevenses waste space by listing local outlets of national radio networks, complete to the kilocycle reading, I'll never know. The danger here lies in the unregimented soul who wants to drive, say, from Louisville to Great Smoky National Park, a route not covered by any tour at all. However, these tours offer only suggested itineraries, and if your personal inclinations differ from theirs chances are you will have a trouble finding the "trans-America tour" to fit your preference. It is still not the one-volume answer to a guide on America, but it nevertheless will be a readable addition to your traveling library if you're touring this summer.

HARIAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE, by Frederic E. Tyarks. Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N. Y. 50¢. A 1950 edition of the capsulized, fact-filled, paper-bound guide which offers to take you "through Europe as nearly on a shoestring as possible." You'll find up-to-date data on almost any country, from Andorra to Turkey, including particularly full sections on France, England, and Israel. Harian's

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manages to cover the quality of Parisian jive, when to visit Versailles (the book says 25,000 people were clocked entering the palace one Sunday last year), and the pros and cons of the architectural dispute over the new addition to the Royal Danieli in Venice. Readers will also find more fine details than can be swallowed in one reading. All of it is set down in terse, frank, family style. Sample: "Bring a cheap watch (one that no sane chambermaid would steal)."

INVITATION TO ENGLAND, by Helen Dean Fish. Ives Washburn. $2.50. Normally a lady preoccupied with producing juvenile books, Helen Dean Fish has come up with a chatty, feminine volume which women on their first trip to England will find extremely pleasant. Much of "Invitation to England" is indeed an invitation to travel. To veteran voyageurs some of its general advice will seem obvious and some of its preachments in favor of good manners abroad unnecessary. Miss Fish does get down to countries after awhile, in time to say that England is still "this precious stone set in the silver sea," and that London is "beautiful even in her wounds." She offers the usual regulations about what's available and what you are permitted to bring in, and she reports the general pulse of the country. Nobody resents the special privileges which have been allowed the visitor, she says. Most usefully, the book offers a proposed visit of thirty days for the first-time visitor and a rather complete section concerning good reading on the subject of England. —H. S.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 355

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 355 will be found in the next issue.

LHKSM KO SMC HPSKOCRSKA

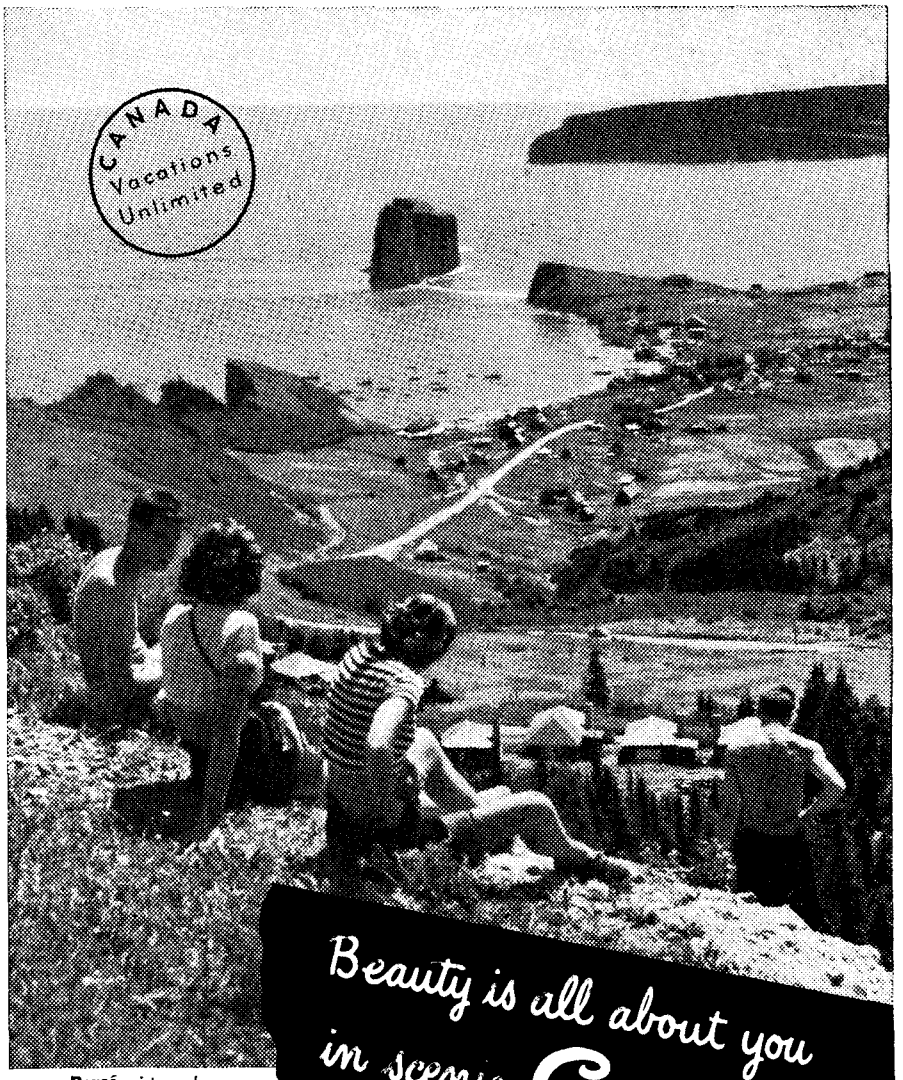
NL SMC ONGT. BHTS

BMKSWHP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 354

The nose of a mob is its imagination. By this, at any time, it can be quietly led.

—E. A. POE-MARGINALIA.



Percé, picture-place on the famed Gaspé coast of old Quebec province.

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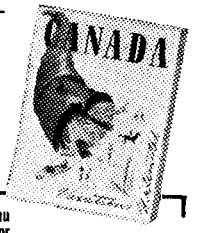

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the Phoenix Nest

SONG FOR EASTER

O HOLY Ghost, with Thine all-knowing light,
Fall on this heart, a springtime of the earth,
Make it a wood of gleaming gold and green,
Make it a song of spiritual rebirth.

O April sunlight flooding field and hill,
Falling on leaf and bird in sweet delight,
Make bright this darkened woodland of the heart—
O April sun, O tender, shining light!

—ISABELLE ANN L. KFOURY.

* * *

HOW TO QUIT

I knew a woman once. A Philadelphia gentlewoman of eighty-seven summers. Each morning she would play three sets of tennis. True, she didn't win often. Her limbs were quite stiff as sometimes happens to older people. But to see her old-fashioned tennis bloomers flapping gaily in the bright morning sunlight and hear her little shrieks of delight as she followed the ball from one side of the court to the other gave all of us pangs of joy. She was enjoying life and giving all of us renewed faith *in ourselves* in the offing!

What was this strange secret of happiness this aging heiress of an old Main Line family had discovered? What was it that drew men, one-eighth her age, toward her? It was simply that she had found something *outside herself*! Through it she had found happiness, popularity, fame (in a local way, of course), and a new lease on life. In her case she had found a tennis ball.

You can do the same. Not a tennis ball, necessarily. But *something*!

The fact that you have read this article this far, the fact that the little moment of life I have portrayed for you above has caught your fancy, shows that within you are deep-seated fears, frustrations, anxieties, dreadful maladjustments which can easily lead you to suicide, murder, or worse. Yes. You do worry about your business, your family, money, your career, money, and many other things, don't you? You—like most people—are morally and spiritually *sick*!

I knew a young college couple once. They were happily married but worried constantly about their budget, their studies, their small child, who was suffering from a mild case of rickets and malnutrition. They came to me for advice. My suggestion was simple. "Forget yourselves for once," I said. "Lift your eyes toward the glowing horizon and watch the new dawn break before you." I am pleased to say they followed my advice. They placed the sickly child in an institution, where he soon recovered from the rickets and thrived well on readily available public funds. Soon they lost all interest in their minuscule marital problems and petty frustrations. Indeed, my suggestion—I note this with due modesty but wish to stress the clinical importance—my suggestion was so successful that the girl, a charming youngster, later ran away with the head janitor of the college's administration building and now has a new home and free life dawning before her. The young man buried himself in the world of books and soon won a master's degree in animal husbandry and now seems destined for even bigger things in the academic world. The lesson is obvious. They *forgot themselves* and *quit worrying*. They projected themselves out into the world. The young lady a bit too far if anything, one might say.

You can do the same. Quit thinking about yourself. I know of no better way to do this than to spend a few minutes each day, say a half-hour before each meal, studying yourself and the folly of thinking about yourself. In these subjective analyses try to *lift yourself* above your petty problems. Remember that you are full of dangerous frustrations during these periods of meditation and then strive to forget them. It won't be easy at

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first. *But keep trying.* Lift your vision in this half-hour ritual. That is the secret. And, of course, to lift your vision you must have a horizon to lift it from, if you will forgive me an earthy parallel. Ha Ha! What is this horizon? I know what you are thinking! This is too easy, you say. It is well and good for this learned scholar and philosopher, this deft student of the human mind to point out the answers. But it can't be that easy, you say. But it is! Spend an hour right now examining your worries and problems. If they don't come readily to mind think harder. How about that car payment next March? Or have you checked with the doctor about that strange thumping in your chest during morning exercises? *Think!* Sure, you got worries and plenty of them! Worries that can erupt at any moment and deep, wild fears which can lead to some despicable crime against your fellow men. Catch them now before they have a chance to develop. *Make up worries* if necessary. Then conquer them while they are still vicious little monsters gnawing at your psyche. *Fight them now!*

I have a simple motto above my bed. It was stitched with loving care by a dear friend of mine, an elderly gentleman who had lost his sense of proportion in this mad, workaday world. He came to me for aid. My answer to him, as to you here now, was simple: "Forget yourself," I said, "forget your worries by studying them carefully and fighting them with many hours of deep meditation." He took my advice and went out of my office with renewed hope.

Today my dear friend is in a rest home, aging and happy. He believes he is Betsy Ross. He turns out some of the finest needlework in Southern Connecticut. He has won prizes at the county fairs and carved out a new life. He has *won* his fight against worry.

But as for the motto. It is a simple message: "*Ante tempus senectam adducet cogitatus.*" Translated it means something like "dye may hide the gray hairs but the cause is still there." It's an old Greek or Persian saying, I believe. I'm not sure. But I'm not going to worry about it.

And don't you.

—Dick Mathison.

* * *

HEAD LINES

Woman spends endless time and
thought on her head—
First a wave then a flattering bonnet—
It's a great blazing shame she won't
do the same
With what she puts in it as on it.

—Evelyn Yeakel.

* * *

TO A FAMOUS FRIEND

In glancing at the program notes
Below your golden name,
I saw with pride the record there
Of your authentic fame.
But one thing struck my funny-bone—
For, by the age you told,
You took me to our college dance
When you were ten years old!

—Virginia Scott Miner.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER OF A NYMPH *Margot Neville* Crime Club: $2.25	Australian girl with too many beaux to her string gets pushed off cliff. Insp. Grogan and Sgt. Manning interrogate art colony.	Assorted antics of painters, writers, and dilettantes in colorful Antipodean scenery spice up story. Detectives are in fine old Yard tradition.	Inoffensive
HOMICIDE HOUSE *David Frome* Rinehart: $2.50	Mr. Pinkerton, bless him, and Inspector Bull solve brace of slayings in blitzed regions of postwar London.	Pinkerton, wealthy but mousier than ever, almost perishes but leads sleuth friend to solution of blithe, expert, and altogether satisfactory yarn.	Welcome home, Mr. P!
THREE BLIND MICE *Agatha Christie* Dodd, Mead $2.50	Eight short stories and one long one about Christiean fixed stars Poirot and Marple and too infrequently recurring comet Harley Quin.	Long story (only one introducing "new" sleuth) least effective of well-up-to-standard lot, all clever and lustrously polished.	Standard brand

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A racy, spine-tingling mystery of a girl who was too beautiful to know herself . . . and a man who was too much in love for it to matter.
MILL-MORROW

Maid To Murder
ROY VICKERS
Two redheads . . . and a young man who *thought* he might be a murderer — Scotland Yard wished he could make up his mind.
MILL-MORROW

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NOTES FOR EASTER

THIS is an exciting spring in the world of books. Last month the Newbery Medal was awarded to Marguerite De Angelis for "The Door in the Wall" and the Caldecott Medal to Leo Politi for "The Song of the Swallows." Both authors were here for the ceremony, and the Children's Book Council gave a party for them in their new headquarters. The National Book Awards were given for the first time before a very large and distinguished audience at the Waldorf in New York. Plans have already been announced for Book Week, and the Book Fair on Manhattan will run for five days instead of three. The *Herald Tribune* Spring Festival is only a few weeks away. The Children's Room of the New York Public Library has an Easter egg tree in honor of the distinguished picture book by Katherine Milhous, and the original drawings are on exhibit there. This book is reviewed below.

It proves to be too early in the year to report any gossip on new babies in the New York zoos, but we do find that an elaborate and elegant new house and grounds are to be opened on May 1 for the Bronx penguins. And before very long "the circus is coming to town." Happy Easter to everyone!

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE EGG TREE. Story and pictures by Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

THIS book is a unique Easter gift for a child or, for that matter, a unique gift for anyone of any age. In it Katherine Milhous has made, in story and picture, a record of a European folk art that has flourished for many years in America. The background is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, where the children make an Easter egg tree, painting the eggs in the old Dutch designs that Grandmom remembered. There is the horn-blowing cock, the little white horse, the bird sitting on a branch, the deer on the mountain, and the cooing dove. All the designs are reproduced in the book, printed in soft gray and black and red. On the cover jacket the horn-blowing cock stands proudly against a dull blue background. Then there are, too, beautifully designed pictures of the children and the farm — pictures that speak of early spring out of doors and of the simple comfort of the farmhouse kitchen. On the last page are directions for making the Easter egg tree. The color printing is especially satisfying.

HOMER THE TORTOISE. By Margaret J. Baker. Illustrations by Leo Bates. New York: Whittlesey House. 149 pp. $2.

HOMER the tortoise was purchased in a pet shop by Lettice Brown and taken to live in the greenhouse of the Brown home in Sussex, England. Homer came originally from Greece, and when Lettice discovered that he could talk she found his conversation scholarly and extremely interesting. He was particular about his food but he approved of the Brown garden, where he found tasty rose petals and leaves of the clove pink. Lettice told her two sisters about Homer but she did not tell her parents, fearing that if any adult knew about Homer's talking he would cease to talk. She had reckoned, however, without Homer. He immediately proceeded to take a very active part in the history of the Brown family. He persuaded little Mouse Brown to take him to school, where he could help her with her spelling. Discovered there, he revealed himself to the teacher and spent the evening with her playing chess. He saved Sir George's family jewels from thieves by calling out to them when they were getting over the estate wall and, finally, he completely lost his temper at the Pet Show and spoke right out before the crowd of astonished villagers Confusion and much newspaper publicity followed, which Homer sidestepped by hibernating firmly in a sunny corner of the garden. This is a very amusing and a convincing story. It is easy to believe that Homer could talk. He was of the race of tortoises that has become famous in legend and fable. He was forty-five years old and full of worldly wisdom. Attractive drawings illustrate the story of Homer.

—From "The Egg Tree."

GOOD LUCK DUCK. By Meindert De Jong. Illustrated by Marc Simont. New York: Harper & Bros. 57 pp. $2.

Timothy and his father and mother lived in a quiet valley, far away from people and from noise and confusion. When they went in a trolley car to the fair Timothy won a duck who had a very noisy and persistent quack. It was embarrassing to carry a noisy duck around the fair, but in the course of a very exciting day Timothy learned that the duck had a reason for being noisy, that he would really rather whisper than quack. So the duck went back to live with Timothy in the quiet valley. Marc Simont's drawings in color of Timothy and the duck and the various incidents at the fair are unusual and expressive. The final one of the duck sleeping peacefully on the doorstep with Timothy's shoestring in his mouth is especially good.

SOUTH POLE HUSKY. By Charles S. Strong. Decorations by Joseph A. Farren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 295 pp. $2.75.

This story of a Norwegian boy and his Alaskan Husky dog begins on a farm in Norway and ends with Roald Amundsen at the South Pole. It is the record of adventure in the face of enormous difficulties, of perseverance and courage and loyalty. Nils Paulsen trains Blynken, the Husky, scientifically and then goes with him on the long and exhausting trip to the Pole—a trip that is a race between Amundsen and his men and the expedition under Captain Scott, the English explorer. The details of the story, including the feeding and training of the invaluable dogs, show an intimate knowledge of polar exploration. As a character Nils is the type that boys

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approve of — eager, impetuous, stubborn, strong in his faith in Amundsen, a good companion. This is a fine adventure story, obviously based upon knowledge and experience.

A PONY FOR THE BOYS. By Sanford Tousey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 45 *pp.* $1.75.

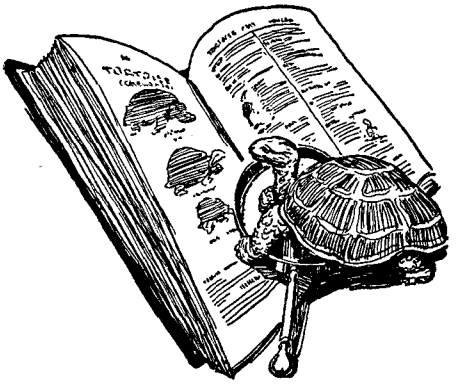
Oliver, in this story, was a boy with a dog who believed in going ahead and getting what he wanted. Peter was a boy with a dog who sat at home and "drooped." Oliver and *his* dog delivered groceries, took the money and bought chickens, fed and sold them, and had money enough to buy one of the Chincoteague ponies — one that had been broken to the saddle. Peter watched at first but after a while he was tempted to "get busy," too. In the end the two of them — with their dogs — rode off gaily on the pony as joint owners. This tale of two boys and their dogs is set in large type and is illustrated with many drawings in color. It is for the younger boys and girls.

DANNY AND THE DOG DOCTOR. By Jerrold Beim. Illustrated by Edgar Levy. New York: William Morrow & Co. No paging. $2.

This is a story for younger boys and girls of a little boy who learned about the ills of birds and animals from a kindly veterinarian, who took Danny with him on his round of visits to sick and injured animal patients. Danny learned how to bind up the broken wing of a robin, to care for him until he was able to fly South with the other robins, and to welcome him when he came back in the following spring. It is a story that will appeal to children who like real adventure and has many attractive illustrations in black and white and in color.

GRAY LANCE. By Gerald Raftery. New York: William Morrow & Co. 223 *pp.* $2.

There are zest and freshness in this story of a young gray wolf of the Canadian woods who was tamed and trained by an American boy. Lance was less than a year old, weakened by pain and cold and hunger, when Don Murray freed him from a trap and carried him into the cabin to be warmed and fed. When Don left the woods only a part of the lesson of civilization had been learned. But the next summer, when Don and his family came back to the cabin, Lance was not far away. Slowly, with infinite skill and patience, Don taught the wolf to trust him and to obey his orders. Looking like an unusually handsome police dog, Lance had the



—From "Homer the Tortoise."

instinctive knowledge of the ways of the woods that made him invaluable. He also had a sense of humor which showed especially in his treatment of the lovable but rather foolish cocker spaniel that was a family pet. This is a convincing story, told against a background of the Canadian woods in early spring and in summer.

HANS: A Dog of the Border Patrol. By Colonel S. P. Meek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Colonel Meek has an ingratiating way of writing about dogs. This is the story of a boxer, trained for war and patrol work, and his master, who is with the United States Border Patrol in Florida. Hans and Chet Hillyard are sent into the "Cracker" country, where enemy aliens are being smuggled into the United States by paid agents. They run great risks and are both nearly killed. But the Patrol reaches them in time and Hans and Chet get equal credit for their courage and resourcefulness. It is a fast-moving, exciting story that both boys and girls will probably enjoy.

ABOUT CHARLIE. Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 46 *pp.* $1.50.

Some irresistible drawings of dogs in the window of a pet shop illustrate this real-life story of a boy and a dog that he wanted — and got. Christopher called the terrier Charlie because it was the given name of his doctor, who finally brought the two of them together. The story does not amount to very much, but the drawings are delightful.

THE DOG NEXT DOOR. By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Morgan Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 222 *pp.* $2.60.

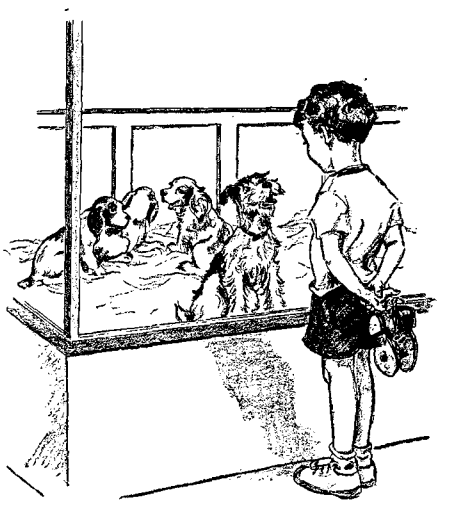
The dog next door was a highly bred, intelligent, and handsome boxer named Beau. He had come as a gift to a middle-aged couple who had no use for dogs and were completely incapable of understanding them. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were glad to have Hal, their next-door neighbor, feed and train Beau. When he got into serious trouble and was accused of biting a little girl, Hal and his friend the old boat-builder, old man Seward, made up their minds to prove that Beau was innocent. There is plot enough here to interest boys and girls who have outgrown the picture books, and the characters are well drawn. Hal meets Beau's problems intelligently and seriously. The Perkinses are decent but totally uninteresting people. Old Seward is the kind of man a dog-loving boy can trust. The drawings of Beau and Hal are excellent and the story has a dust jacket in color that will bring it quickly to the attention of boys and girls who like dogs.

DOG SHOW: A Selection of Favorite Dog Stories. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. With portraits of real dogs by Marie C. Nichols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 182 *pp.* $2.75.

This is an attractive-looking book. The "portraits of real dogs" are interesting and unusual. Many of the stories are excerpts from books, a fact that may detract from its value. Boys and girls do not usually like to have part of a story. They want all or none. The stories given here are all well known.

THE FIRST BOOK OF CATS. By Gladys Taber. Pictures by Bob Kuhn. New York: Franklin Watts. No paging. $1.50.

Cats and their ways and needs are given in this text, and it is generously illustrated with drawings that would be better if they had been confined to black and white. The color is confusing. It looks like a picture book but the directions for keeping cats healthy and happy would satisfy older readers. There are drawings and descriptions of the various breeds of cats, and the end-papers show famous



—From "About Charlie."

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animals in song and story against a yellow background.

FROGS AND TOADS. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated by Joy Buba. New York: William Morrow & Co. No paging. $2.

This is the sixth book in the attractive and informing series that Herbert Zim and his publishers have presented for younger boys and girls. Like the others, it has a large, clear type and many drawings. It is a picture book as well as an authentic guide to frogs and toads. There are humor and freshness in the drawings and the text is clear and stimulating.

A HORSE OF HER OWN. By Ruby Ferguson. Illustrated by Caney. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

The fact that this is what boys and girls call an "I" story may interfere with its popularity. Its background and atmosphere are definitely British. Some of the social "rules and regulations" may seem a bit strange to American young people, but the chief character is very well drawn — a likable, understandable girl whose name is Jill. Jill and her mother live in a small cottage in a little English town. Jill's father is dead and she and her mother have very little to live on. So when Jill takes every penny she has to buy a black pony, the pony's care and upkeep become quite a burden. A young RAF pilot who has crashed and been badly crippled teaches her horsemanship, and her own determination and initiative solve the care-and-feeding problem. The story of Jill is illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings of Black Boy and his young mistress.

To a City Tree

By Mary Carolyn Davies

THIS tree that was not planned,
Not planted by man's hand,
Sprang from a wind-blown seed
Sensing the city's need
Of green. It came to give
Man impetus to live.

It fought the ground for air,
Reached up its hands to where
Its fingers clutched the rain.
It learned to eat the sun.
Until its life is done
It never will be free
Of sound nor know, poor tree,
A wood's tranquility.

Young tree, be with us. Stay!
Endure in your own way,
With us, loud night, shrill day.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MUSIC FOR MANY VOICES		
STRAVINSKY: MASS (1944-48). Chorus of Boys and Men, Double Wind Quartet, Stravinsky. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1349 (3)* (Choir of Church of Blessed Sacrament, New York.)	An instrumentalist's concept of choral music which will leave many choral singers uneasy. Angular, unvocal writing mostly ignoring natural word lengths, accents, phrasings—singable, but not self-singing. Chamber-style group of rich, tremolo-type voices, as S. usually prefers (see *SRL* July 9, 1949). Older boys use strange falsetto. Nevertheless, this is carefully wrought, effective music in its own medium; perhaps in more familiar style of performance it would please immensely. Superb wind writing.	
SCHUBERT: SONGS FOR MALE CHORUS ("An den Frühling" "Widerspruch," "La Pastorella," "Ständchen," "Sehnsucht"). RCA Victor Chorale, Shaw. Beatrice Krebs, contralto, F. Glazer, pf. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1353 (3)*	A closer, more intimate sound than this would have been good for this music — it was the essence of informality as composed. A minor criticism — nice sound, as is. Tenors a bit weak in balance. Some peaks tend to blast (on 45).	These were the exalted source of much sentimental glee-club stuff of today —a pleasure to hear them well sung. "Sehnsucht," "La Pastorella" best, the breath-taking "Ständchen" (contr. and pf.) is disappointingly heavy.
BRITTEN: "CEREMONY OF CAROLS." RCA Victor Chorale (women), Shaw; Laura Newell, harp. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1324 (3)*	Same live acoustics as above Schubert—but here this processional and choir music is ideally suited to acoustics. Excellent perspective sense. Britten's feeling for the harp is beautifully projected.	A true Britisher, Britten is stunning with voices—this memorable music is 100% vocal, ultra-singable. Characteristic wry, modal Britten twist to timeless folk carols. Originally for boys' voices.
BLOCH: "SACRED SERVICE" ("AVODATH HAKODESH"). London Philharmonic Choir & Orch., Bloch; M. Rothmuller, bass. London LP: LLP 123	Typically big, broad-perspectived London recording, excellent balance, chorus and orch. Good, sharp choral sibilant sounds. Soloists close-to; bass rather distorted, my copy. (May have been corrected.)	Interesting juxtaposition of British and Hebrew—very English performance (English words) makes this big, modal - Romantic work sound not unlike Vaughan Williams. Extended, for largest forces, but very fluent, plastic in rhythm.
RUSSIAN LITURGICAL MUSIC, compiled by Alfred J. Swan. Haverford, Bryn Mawr Glee Clubs. (78: 3 10".) (Comptroller, Haverford Coll., Haverford, Pa.)	Good choral recording, though deadish—except for one classic *faux pas*—loud passages over-cut, due to transient intermodulation in chorus voices that doesn't show on engineers' meters.	Expressive, clear, youthful singing, on pitch. Short arrangements in late 19th-century classic Russian Church tradition. Mild reservation: this should be done with big, opulent Russian voices!
MUSIC FOR A FEW VOICES		
CHORAL MUSIC OF FRANCE (DesPres, Mouton, Lassus, Jannequin, Debussy, Ravel.) Pro Musica Choral Soc., Calder. Allegro LP: AL 17 (10")	Somewhat muffled, with highs lacking; excessive hiss, rough spots (my copy) as in oldish shellacs. Not a careful LP job.	Group of professional soloists — singing is a bit heavy, operatic. Pitch ensemble good to doubtful. Old music suffers most, the very difficult Ravel, Debussy songs are valuable. Poor recording a major impediment.
MONTEVERDI: MADRIGALS ("Lagrime D'Amante," "Lamento D'Amante," "Lamento D'Arianna"). Couraud Vocal Ensemble. Vox LP: DLP 6670, with texts.	This is high-quality, brand-new recording, helps immensely in projecting these singers' work. Excellent presence, balance.	Another group of trained soloists, more flexible, better in pitch than above group. The operatic, late-madrigal music is well suited to these big, rather nasal voices.

**Choice of speeds.*

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on Page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 49)

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YOUNG MAN, college student, musician, teacher, also bookkeeping, desires summer job anywhere. Capable manual work. Box 37-C.

FOR SUMMER RENTAL—3 room apartment near Columbia. Box 38-C.

NATURAL YOUNG MAN, poet-writer offers services in exchange basic living needs. Box 40-C.

COLLEGE PUBLICITY DIRECTOR, World War II combat officer, busy, happy, wishes to correspond with interesting lady. Box 41-C.

ANY SUGGESTIONS? Young couple—husband G.I., art student, need low rent, summer, near salt water. Anything livable. Can fix up. Write: Charles Goodwin, 1529 W. Diamond, Philadelphia, Pa.

EASTER GREETINGS. I'm young, understanding and male. And you? Box 43-C.

WANTED: A summer job in Paris. Young (male) university undergraduate, secretary, companion, chauffeur, what have you? Box 45-C.

IF YOU APPRECIATE GOOD FOODS and wines and fear not extra pounds, join me on an international cuisine exploration. Female Epicurean. Box 46-C.

SEWANEE GRADUATE and present medical student with varied adaptabilities, seeks unusual summer job, possibly providing foreign travel. Box 47-C.

FOR SALE: 4 room cottage, fireplace, rowboat, ocean, spruce woods, 9 miles from Addison Village, Maine. 50 miles from Ellsworth. Good for artist or writer or anyone. Box 48-C.

YOUNG MAN, Harvard background, desires travel as companion. Box 49-C.

INTELLIGENT, widely traveled business woman, 30's, will undertake any commission for passage to England. Experienced with children, travel organization. References exchanged. Box 50-C.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, active, cultured, elderly, desires correspondence with mature, refined woman, wide interests, possibly social worker, nurse, or teacher. Box 51-C.

2 RECENT, women college graduates, secretarial background, desire positions traveling companion. Box 52-C.

YES, IT IS SOAP . . . The very finest toilet soap obtainable anywhere. Comparable in quality to soaps selling 2 and 3 times higher. A wonderful gift for all occasions; especially acceptable to week-end hostess. Gift box containing 2 cakes, $1.25, parcel post, pre-paid anywhere in U. S. FLENTS PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 103 Park Ave., NYC 17 (Makers of world-famous Anti-Noise Ear Stopples and Light Shields.)

YOUNG WRITER, emaciated, offers chauffeuring, secretarial, gardening duties for room and board, small salary. Box 54-C.

YOUNG SURGEON seeks cosmopolitan, ultra-feminine correspondent with diversified talents. Box 55-C.

TIRED OF LOAFING. Retired NYC lawyer, still vigorous, prefers work. Experienced, travel, teaching, business, law. Compensation secondary. Box 56-B.

PRE-MED STUDENT, journalist wife, baby, want quiet, cool summer. Gladly godforsaken, without conveniences. Will pay or work for rent. Various talents and languages. Box 57-C.

SECRETARY-WRITER, commercial — legal, college background. Capable, attractive, wishes position with responsible person, prefers travel Europe—anywhere. Box 58-C.

MEDICAL STUDENT needs summer job. I'm game for anything. Any offers? Box 59-C.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN wants companion 2 months vacation, Europe this summer. Interested arts, people, fun, relaxation. Box 60-C.

WILL SWAP our Riverside Drive home for the summer, for country or sea-coast house, hour by train from NYC. Box 61-C.

YOUR HOBBY brings greatest pleasure through Five-Star Plan for Hobbyists. Hobby News Letter, full information, 20¢. Hep, Box 369-A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

LITERARY LANDMARKS abound in San Francisco. When in San Francisco visit H. H. Evans, Books. A famous shop for its decor as well as its labyrinthine ways. 1157 Sutter St.

NEW CROP MAPLE SUGAR. Quart, $2. Half-gallon, $3.50; gallon, $6. (F.O.B.) Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vt. 2 ounce maple sugar book sent free with each copy of THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK. 288 pages. $3.75, postpaid.

SEND ME $5 and I will mail you postpaid, a complete bound volume of Harper's or Scribner's Magazine, 1870's, 1880's or 1890's, over 800 pages of superb reading, illustrated, many first appearances of masterpieces. Box 150-D.

SECOND VIOLINIST NEEDED share private quartet instruction. $3 per lesson. Box 62-C.

WANTED FOR THE SUMMER by retired gentleman and wife, 2 rooms with bath and simple meals; cleanliness and comfort desired but not luxury. Where no other guests and seashore preferred though not essential. Box 63-C.

DO YOU DESIRE to complete your sets of National Geographics, New Yorkers, Readers' Digests? We can supply all issues. Also any magazine backnumber desired. Box 151-D.

LARCHMONT, N. Y. Summer rental, June 1 to mid-Sept. Professor's 6 room home, attractively located, 40 minutes commuting NYC. $700. Box 64-C.

PIED-A-TERRE, gentleman, traveler seeks furnished, unfurnished, small room (say 100 square feet), private bath, East 60's to 90's, permanent, vacant servants quarters will do. References given. Box 65-C.

SHORTCUT TO SUCCESS, personal recognition or the job you want: your full length certified Portrait in print for widespread distribution to leaders or employers in your field. GENE NASH, Personal Profile Specialist. NYC, WIsconsin 7-0103 or Box 66-C.

YOUNG LADY interested in modern literature, invites correspondence. Box 67-C.

COLLEGE BOY, bored but hopeful, longs for intrepid correspondence. Box 68-B.

WEAN JUNIOR away from those shocker comics with a bound volume of St. Nicholas, wonderful reading, superbly illustrated. Re-live your own youth. Volume, hundreds of pages, $5.75 postpaid. 6 volumes, $30, single issue, $2. Box 152-D.

VACATIONS

COMPLETELY FURNISHED summer homes, seasonal only. Brochure. Cliffwood Colony, Ligonier, Pa.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

UNWIND in the COUNTRY. Comfort, rest, recreation at SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vt.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

BERMUDA: For rent: well furnished cottages on waterfront near Hamilton. Box 203 Hamilton, Bermuda.

A SMALL, HOMEY WESTERN RANCH? Write: The Patons, Shell, Wyoming.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

CANDLELIGHT FARMS, NEW MILFORD, CONN. Country life at its best. Modern Comforts. By reservation only.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 837

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

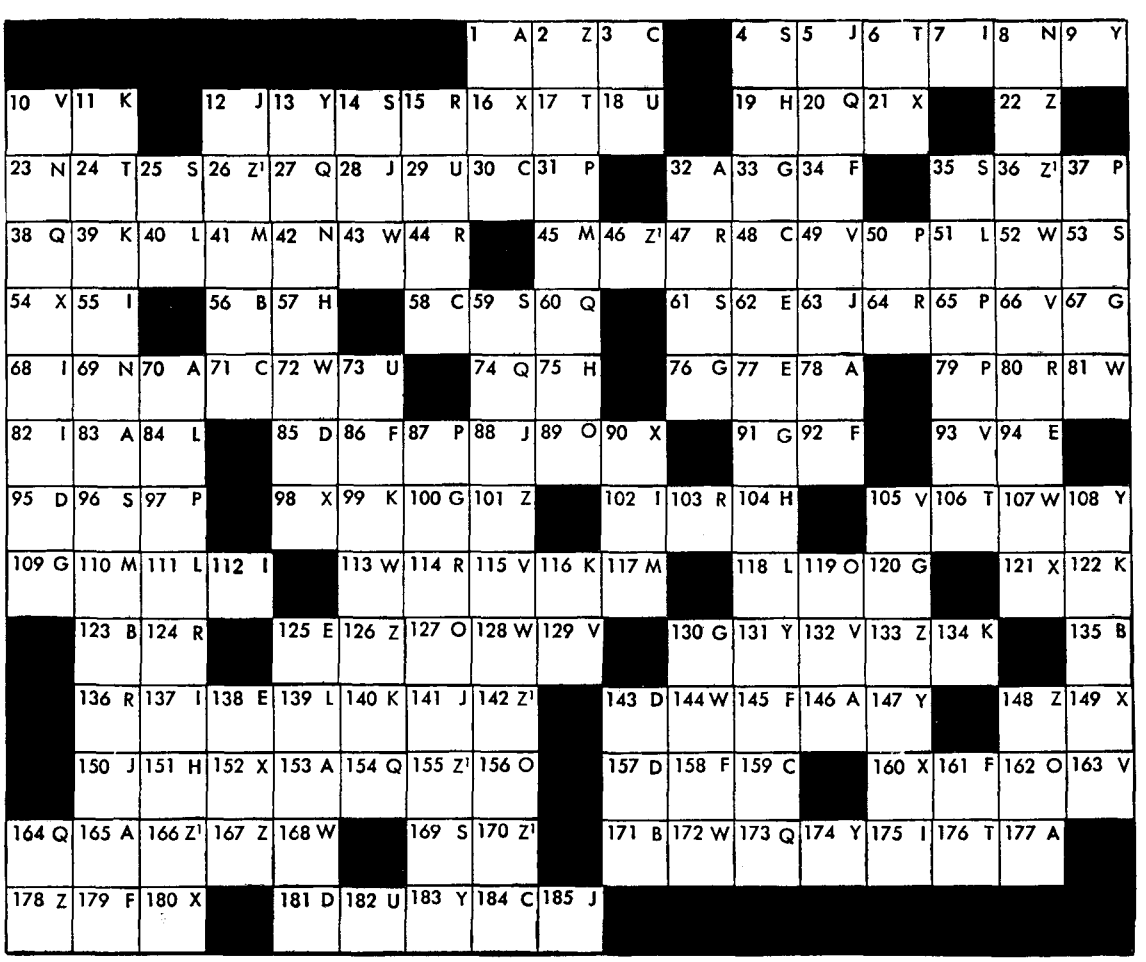
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American roentgenologist who in 1896 took first X-ray photograph in America (1881-1935).	83 32 1 70 78 165 146 177 153
B. Deep trench for collecting water during drought (Sp.).	123 135 171 56
C. Vivid (psychol.).	3 71 159 30 58 48 184
D. Oblong yellowish fruit (Cent. and S. U.S.; *asimina triloba*).	85 157 181 95 143
E. Biblical mountain, originally the whole Sinai range, where Moses tended Jethro's flock (Exodus).	77 94 138 62 125
F. The deep sensitive and vascular layer of the skin and mucous membranes (anat.).	161 179 34 86 145 92 158
G. Act or art of swimming or floating.	33 100 76 130 91 67 109 120
H. Dutch baroque painter; court painter, Rotterdam (1659-1722).	19 104 151 57 75
I. Forbearance from labor; idleness.	82 68 137 112 7 175 102 55
J. Dies (2 wds.; slang).	141 63 185 88 12 5 150 28
K. Summer resort at mouth of the Exe, Devonshire, Eng.	140 11 39 122 116 134 99
L. Title of temporal and spiritual successors of Mohammed.	118 51 139 111 40 84
M. A stringed instrument in an orchestra.	41 45 110 117

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Sixth month of the Jewish civil year.	69 23 42 8
O. The Pythagorean semitone (ancient music).	89 127 156 162 119
P. Novel by Joseph Conrad, 1900.	97 87 65 31 79 37 50
Q. Pertaining to eating; devouring.	60 154 20 164 27 74 38 173
R. Region in Hampshire, Eng., set apart in 1079 by William the Conqueror as a hunting ground.	103 64 136 47 124 114 80 15 44
S. One of the two vocations of Benvenuto Cellini.	25 169 96 61 14 4 53 35 59
T. A kind of heavy-faced legible type (printing).	24 17 6 106 176
U. Number of spheres in early Ptolemaic system of astronomy.	18 29 73 182
V. A cheerful or pleasant state of mind (2 wds.).	129 163 115 93 105 10 66 132 49
W. Iron and steel manufacturing city in Ohio.	168 72 172 43 113 107 52 144 81 128
X. Long established annual festival of Welsh bards.	90 16 21 98 152 180 121 149 54 160
Y. Instigated and countenanced (disparaging).	183 131 9 174 108 13 147
Z. Preparation from acorns used by the Arabs.	126 178 167 22 2 148 133 101
Z¹. A "Hill" section of London, formerly a haunt of ballad singers.	142 166 46 170 36 155 26

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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An Extraordinary Discovery...

as ageless as the Old Testament

as important as the discovery of Beowulf

POPOL VUH

The Sacred Book of the Ancient Quiché Maya

English version by DELIA GOETZ and SYLVANUS G. MORLEY
from the translation of ADRIÁN RECINOS

LONG BEFORE man ever dreamed of another land across the seas . . . there grew and flourished on the American continent a rich and vast civilization—the ancient Quiché Maya, a Central American-Indian empire as important and significant as those of ancient Egypt, Greece, or Rome. At the height of its greatness it had a magnificent culture; powerful kings and omnipotent gods; exalted heroes and furious enemies. But the records of its life have seemingly disappeared. Lost, destroyed, hidden away forever—little remains of the glory of this remarkable people . . .

Now, rediscovered and translated for the first time into English, this is the most distinguished example of native American literature to survive the passing centuries. It throws new light on a little-known race, painting a complete picture of a lost people—their daily life, popular traditions, religious beliefs, migrations, development, and legends. But more, it is, without doubt, the most vigorous and significant effort achieved by the American Indian in the fields of mythology, literature, and history, Magnificent in scope, eloquent in language, it is the Bible, the Greek tragedies, the *Beowulf* of the Quiché Maya.

How POPOL VUH Came to Be Written:

The original POPOL VUH, the Book of the People, has disappeared. Some scholars say that in the time of the Quiché Maya the stories were committed to memory and passed along, word-by-word, from generation to generation; others believe it was written down in hieroglyphs which the native priests interpreted to the people to keep alive in them the knowledge of the origin of their race and the mysteries of their religion.

After the Spaniards came, there was a Quiché chronicler who knew that in olden times there was a book which contained the traditions and accounts of his people and, knowing them perfectly, he had the happy inspiration of recording them in the years 1554-1558. With a prodigious memory and a brilliant talent as a writer, this anonymous man phonetically wrote in his native language, using the Latin alphabet, the POPOL VUH.

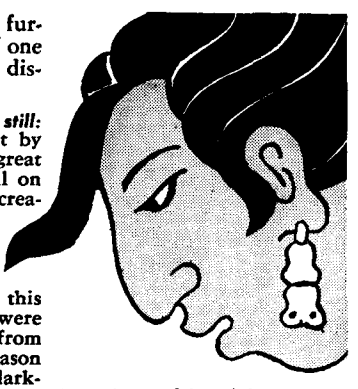
At the end of the seventeenth century a parish priest in Guatemala found the manuscript, transcribed it and translated it into Spanish, and preserved it for all time. While there have been Spanish, French, and German translations, this is the first complete text in English.

The Beauty of Magnificent Writing

POPOL VUH, to the amazement of scholars and readers, recounts, in a unique way, many of the stories found in the Old and New Testaments—although it was composed without knowledge of either:

When the dawn came: Here, then, is the dawn, and the coming of the sun, the moon, and the stars . . . They were very happy when they saw the Morning Star. It rose first, with shining face, when it came ahead of the sun. Immediately they unwrapped the incense which they had brought from the East, and which they had planned to burn, and then they untied the three gifts which they had planned to offer. And burning the incense they began to dance, facing toward the East.

POPOL VUH contains further evidence in support of one of the newest and most discussed theories of science:



Of the day the sun stood still: A flood was brought about by the Heart of Heaven; a great flood was formed which fell on the heads of the wooden creatures . . . But those that they had made, that they had created, did not think, did not speak with their creator, their Maker. And for this reason they were killed, they were deluged. A heavy resin fell from the sky . . . And for this reason the face of the earth was darkened and a black rain began to fall, by day and by night . .

It was cloudy and twilight then on the face of the earth. There was no sun yet . . . The sky and the earth existed, but the faces of the sun and the moon were covered.

It is many things: history, legend, philosophy. In magnificent prose it speaks of life and death, love, birth, religion, heroes, kings.

A prayer for children: Let them not meet disgrace, nor misfortune, let not the deceiver come behind or before them. Let them not fall, let them not be wounded, let them not fornicate, nor be condemned by justice. Grant them good roads, beautiful, level roads. Let them not have misfortune, nor disgrace, through Thy fault, through Thy sorceries.

Here, too, you will discover interesting and new stories that will find a permanent place in the folklore and legends of the Americas:

How the tribes were destroyed: Shortly before they were about to throw themselves at the entrance of the town, the four gourds which were at the edge of the town were opened and the bumblebees and the wasps came out of the gourds; like a great cloud of smoke they emerged from the gourds. And thus the warriors perished because of the insects which stung the pupils of their eyes, and fastened themselves to their noses, their mouths, their legs, and their arms . . . When the warriors fell, they were stretched out on the mountainside, and they no longer felt when they were hit with arrows, and wounded by the axes.

An Epic Work of a Forgotten World

Here is an epic work that will rank high in the world's literature. It has the interest and beauty of our best novels, the austerity and pageantry of history, and it paints in bright colors the life and thoughts of a great people.

POPOL VUH will be welcomed not only by students and teachers, historians, anthropologists, writers in search of new materials—but it is a book which will be cherished, delved into again and again by readers seeking grand writing, inspiring and enthralling stories, and colorful pictures of a forgotten epoch. *Illustrated, bibliography, index, $3.75*

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